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Socialists and Socialism

By THOS. E. WATSON



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SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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CHAPTER I.

IF you've nothing else to do and are at all interested in the subject, suppose you come along with me, and have a look at the Howling Dervishes. It takes all sorts of folks to make a world, you know, and the Howling Dervish is a time-honored institution. He has enormous faith in himself, and no amount of the opposition literature could exterminate him. He's a fixture, the Howling D. is, and we must reconcile ourselves to him, as we do to other inevitable and unescapable actualities.

The most amusing thing about the modern H. Dervish is, that he considers himself something new under the sun. He isn't. Plato dreamed of him; ancient Sparta knew him well: each savage tribe had to shake him off; and even the American colonies experimented with him, in their young and silly days. But the Socialists of our time bitterly deny the possession of a historic lineage, and wildly claim originality as they howl and whirl.

If you have no decided preference as to what part of the Socialist capon shall be put on your plate, I'll begin with young Robert Hunter. Young Robert is the Socialist leader who worked a get-rich-quick scheme by marrying a millionaire's daughter,—after which he published a book on "Poverty", and began to wear pink socks.

The Socialists run a daily screecher in New York City, and instead of naming it something reasonable, they christened it the *Call*. Young Robert Hunter (whom I know and dote on) had "a piece" in the *Call* recently, which reads this way:

"THE WRATH OF GOD.

"BY ROBERT HUNTER.

"If the wrath of God has ever been visited upon a people, that people is the people of the South.

"They have sought to free themselves from labor and to condemn another race to do their work forever.

"They tore an innocent, childlike, helpless people from the jungles of Africa.

"They chained them, scourged them, threw them into the holds of

their vessels and brought them to the white man's country to do as slaves the white man's work.

"They bred them as one breeds beasts. They sold their wives and children as one sells cattle. They trained them to labor, forced them to work under whip and musket, to build up the wealth of the South.

"They feared to let them know that they were human. They lied to them, classed them with animals, took care not to stir in them intellect or soul.

"Hoping to keep them in perpetuity their domestic animals, they crushed every human aspiration of their child-like wards.

"It was a struggle against nature, a fight against normal human development which ended in failure. The human spark in that black, innocent, long-suffering people could not be blown out.

"They did the dirty work, honestly, patiently, laboriously. And it was not until John Brown and Lincoln had lived and died that they knew themselves as part of humanity.

"The blacks suffered by slavery; the whites were brutalized by it. It stultified the intellect of the dominant race, because there was no time for other thought, except to keep the blacks degraded.

"It paralyzed the soul of the dominant race, because every ethical ideal had to be outraged.

"It wrecked the spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality, because the dominant race dared not believe in liberty, fraternity and equality.

"It demolished Christianity, because the dominant race became hypocrites.

"They cramped their souls, stultified their intellect, degraded their politics, and finally made war on their country to maintain mastery over the blacks.

"For profit they even bred themselves to the blacks and sold into slavery half their blood.

"At the thought of losing mastery they involved their country in a monstrous civil war. Over the heads of the simple, child-like blacks a titanic battle was fought. A million white brothers cut each other's throats, tore each other to pieces, made rivers of each other's blood, pillaged and destroyed each other's homes.

"The very existence of the nation was threatened.

"All for what?

"To gain for the dominant race freedom from labor and to condemn another race in perpetuity to do the white man's work.

"Today, even, there is no end to that struggle.

"Senators and governors, clergymen and politicians, capitalists and land owners, still fight the same hopeless, unnatural, futile battle."

I begin the series of chapters on Socialism with Mr. Hunter's attack on the South, because it is desirable, first of all, to get the Socialist point of view of our most troublesome and important national problem.

The ignorant, narrow-minded and murderous fanatic, John Brown, is one of the patron saints of Socialism. Few Southern people are aware of this: it is well that they should know it. The frenzied old man who shocked his own following by his cold-blooded butchery of unarmed, unsuspecting and innocent white men and boys, in Kansas, is a hero and martyr in the eyes of the apostles of Socialism. The home of the peaceable

citizen was not sacred to that ferocious monomaniac: the husband watching at the sick bed of his wife awoke no compassion in him: the sleep of men, women and children, unconscious of peril, did not check his implacable fury. Even the wicked, terrible old Jew, in "Oliver Twist", faltered, as he looked upon the innocent slumber of his intended victim, and muttered, in the low tones of awe, "not tonight: not tonight". But the heart of Fagin was tenderer than that of John Brown. The shield of home, of sleep, of night, of innocence—he beat it down with ruthless hatred, and he slaughtered in cold blood men and boys who had committed no crime, and done him no sort of harm.

And this raving monomaniac,—bloody-handed and bloody-minded,—is annually glorified in the Socialist papers, his name linked with that of Abraham Lincoln,—*who detested and denounced him*,—and his utterly impracticable and horribly wicked attempt to inaugurate a servile insurrection in Virginia ranked with the sane and glorious struggles of those who fought and won the battles for civil liberty.

Does young Robert Hunter know that the National Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln unanimously denounced John Brown's raid as "*the worst of crimes*"?

Does he know that some of the most prominent Republicans, who were familiar with Brown's personal record, described him as a dishonest, blood-thirsty, lawless character?

Does he know that the first victim of Brown in the Harper's Ferry raid was a negro—a negro who was on duty at the freight station and whom Brown slew as ferociously as he had butchered Doyle and his two boys in Kansas?

Does he know that in Kansas John Brown robbed stores and stole horses, and that he raided the plantation of a peaceable old Missouri farmer, murdered him in cold blood, and stripped the plantation of its mules, oxen, wagons, and all such portable property as he could lay his hands on?

A patron saint of Socialism and joint-heir of immortal glory with Lincoln—this ferocious old fanatic who tore a husband from the bed-side of a sick wife, and hacked him to death with a two-edged cleaver, *in her hearing!* It was not then, or ever afterwards, claimed that this victim of Brown's ungovernable rage had been guilty of anything that called for vengeance. He was a poor borderer, living in a little cabin on the Pottawattomie, and was nursing his sick wife through the lonely hours of the night,—unconscious that a human tiger was at his door. Brown broke into that humble home, dragged the

man away from his terrified wife, and hewed him to death with the cleaver, more brutally than a butcher slaughters an ox.

And Southern men are rushing into the European mess called Socialism, blindly following the blind zealots who worship the memory of the bloody monster, John Brown!

Well might Andrew Johnson say of him in the Senate of the United States:

"Innocent, unoffending men were taken out (of their cabins), and in the midnight hour, and in the forest, and on the roadside fell victims to the insatiable thirst of John Brown for blood. Then it was . . . that hell entered into his heart—not the iron into his soul. Then it was that he shrank from the dimensions of a human being into those of a reptile. Then it was, if not before, that he changed his character to a demon who had lost all the virtues of a man!"

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hunter does not know more about the institution of Slavery than appears in his article. He holds the South responsible, as though she had invented slavery and had alone been guilty of it. Surely Mr. Hunter has read the Bible: surely he knows that slavery is coincident with the earliest annals of the human race: surely he knows that Holy Writ expressly sanctions and regulates the system, that Christ never uttered a word against it, and that St. Paul commanded slaves to obey their masters as they would Christ.

The "Seven Wonders of the World" were the work of slave-holders: "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome", were the triumphs of slave-owners.

Those who magnetized and were magnetized by the most glorious oratory of antiquity; they who scaled the loftiest pinacles in science and art; they who blazed the trails along which the pilgrim-thoughts of the civilized of all subsequent eras have reverently passed; they whose civic achievements defy modern emulation and whose battle-fields cling to the memories of each succeeding generation,—were slave-owners.

The system had existed in all ages and among all nations, and it was thrust upon the American Colonies by the Old World. "Princes, potentates and powers" took a hand in the vile, inhuman traffic; and such monarchs as Queen Elizabeth did not scruple to become partners with piratical slavers, like Sir John Hawkins, and take their share of the blood-money.

The Socialists ought to know well enough that the Spaniards brought negro slaves to this country, long before the Jamestown settlement was made. They ought to know that the Southern colonists were not a sea-faring people, and that

New England enjoyed the lucrative monopoly of tearing "an innocent, child-like people from the jungles of Africa". From Marblehead, Massachusetts, sailed the first slave-ship that ever cleared from an American port; Rhode Island kept more than a hundred such vessels busy; it was from New York that the *Wanderer* put to sea, *during the administration which preceded Lincoln's*; and it was a Southern lawyer that libelled the ship, and put a stop to the piratical traffic which Mr. Hunter so fiercely and properly denounces.

I am not the least bit ashamed of the fact that the South owned slaves: if we had treated them with the brutality that Northern corporations inflict upon white slaves under the wage-system, I *would* be ashamed. Such doings as those at Pittsburg were never seen in the Old South. Such horrors as those we witnessed in Colorado, a few years ago, were foreign to our system. "Five dollars a week and a gentleman friend," was something unknown to *our* philosophy.

Does Mr. Hunter know that it was a Southern statesman who kept slavery out of the great Northwest; and that when the Committee, in the Convention of 1787, reported in favor of closing the slave-trade in 1800, New England voted down the proposition and made the date 1808? *Virginia voted to put an end to the infamy in 1800: Massachusetts voted to prolong it to 1808.* So did New Hampshire and Connecticut.

These sanctimonious, better-than-thou pharisees made good use of the interval between 1787 and 1808, for they brought and sold to the South and to the West Indies, a million blacks, whom they "tore" from the jungles, and "chained, scourged and threw into the hold of their vessels".

Does Mr. Hunter know that the first code of laws of Massachusetts established slavery in that self-righteous colony,—whose severely pious Legislature, after the heroic Lawrence had made his splendid fight and gone to death with "Don't give up the ship!" on his lips, passed a resolution that, "it does not become a religious people to express approbation of military and naval exploits not immediately defensive?"

Does he know that in the very copy of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* (July 22, 1776), *which published the Declaration of Independence*, "a stout, healthy negro man, about twenty-five years of age", *was advertised for sale?*

Does Mr. Hunter know that New England practised Indian slavery, negro slavery and white slavery, from the very begin-

ning, and that *she never gave it up until she found a cheaper, better way of exploiting human labor?*

* * * * *

It was patriarchal,—Southern slavery was. The slave-owner allowed no human waste. The sick were visited, the hungry fed, the naked clothed. The African *savage* gradually evolved *the man*. The hideous devils that haunted his soul, in Africa, insensibly retreated, as hymns were learned and the Rock of Ages revealed. The despairing wail of barbaric music well nigh lost its place, as the lot of the poor negro improved. Never in all the Dark Continent has any explorer heard merry melodies—never. Terrorized by superstition, by malignant witch-doctors, and by merciless chiefs, the negro lived without security for property, freedom or life, and without hope of future happiness.

The New Englanders who bought their human cargo from the fathers who sold children, or from the chiefs who bartered captives, conferred an immense benefit upon the blacks who survived the Middle Passage. In this country, they were taught how to work, and made to do it. Naturally, the negro doesn't know *how* to work, and *won't* work, any more than is necessary to sustain life. In this country, he had set before his eyes high standards of living. He was compelled to curb his sensual appetites and to cloak his indecency. He *absorbed* much of what it had taken us centuries to learn. He *copied*, as well as he could, the picture that we had laboriously been painting for a thousand years; and when the negro now presents to the world *a tolerably fair copy of our original work*, his sap-headed admirers exclaim, "Oh, what marvelous progress Sambo has made!"

* * * * *

Envy had a vast deal to do with the sectional war waged against the South, and Mr. Hunter reveals the feeling when he repeatedly alludes to the fortunes piled up for us by negro labor.

I seriously doubt whether *any* Southern planter ever made much money out of the slaves. In colonial times, "the British mortgage" was an heirloom, handed down from father to son, along with the family estate. General Washington was a most vigilant, economical and successful farmer, but his account-books reveal very small profits. Nearly all of the manorial proprietors of Virginia were chronically "hard-up" for ready

money. They were not lenders: they were borrowers. Even Andrew Jackson, with his tremendous driving-power, failed to make his farming pay any considerable amount. And when he allowed his adopted son to take control, he was almost bankrupted in a couple of years.

The negro-slaves got a greater share of what they produced than the wage-earners of the North and East are getting now. My grandfather was as good a farmer as ever wet his feet in the dew of early morning, but nearly all that he made was consumed on the place. A few bales of cotton constituted the annual surplus. He added nothing to his realty, and had no money out at interest. Yet he owned nearly a hundred of these ebony fortune-builders.

And I have never talked with one of my grandfather's slaves who did not speak of him with affection and regret. They are glad they are free, but they look back to their life on the old plantation as the happiest era of their existence.

The planters of the Old South were not good "business men". Everybody knows that. They were an easy-going lot, fond of a toddy, of a pipe, of an after-dinner nap, of congenial company, of field sports, and "a little game of cards". They were by nature incapable of deliberate, systematic cruelty. They were constitutionally unfit for that deadly grind of money-making, which eats the soul out of men and drives them to the desperate pace which prevails in our modern commercial system. "Dollar-madness" was an unknown disease in the Old South.

What went with the fortunes which the slave is said to have piled up? When the War broke out, it became evident that the specie was not on our side of the Mason and Dixon line. The banks of New York, Philadelphia and Boston held the gold and silver. We had practically nothing but lands and houses, flocks and herds, corn in the crib, wheat in the bin, hay and fodder in the barn. We had no considerable surplus of money.

And, why? Because the North, with the infernal tariff had skimmed the cream off the agricultural South every year. By this route, the net profits of slave-labor poured into New England. The manufacturers of the North understood this well enough, and so did such Southern statesmen as Benton, McDuffie, Hayne, Walker and Calhoun. If the slave-driver's lash enriched any class, it was the capitalists of the North.

Broadly speaking, there has never been any profit in growing cotton. The men who make fortunes out of the fleecy staple

are those who manufacture it. Look at the amazing wealth of the capitalists of New England,—where was it produced? Not in New England. Everybody will agree to that. Where then? Most of it came from the cotton fields of the South. With their tariffs they robbed us of our rightful earnings before the Civil War, and the exploitation is fiercer under the "*Downward Revision*" bill than ever before.

But the power of vivid, persistent lies is very great. The Abolitionists had the floor: their speakers scrupled at nothing; their writers were equally mendacious; the task of fanning into a consuming fire the ever present embers of sectional animosity, was not Herculean,—and so the North came to believe that the free and easy, hospitable, careless and open-handed Cavalier of the South, was a remorseless master who was piling up wealth by inhuman slave-driving.

Sometimes when I see the hog-pen conditions in which the more shiftless negroes now live, and *every* time that I look upon the wearily monotonous and unpicturesque cottages in which mill operatives dwell (no privacy possible), my recollection goes back to the slave quarters of the Old South,—the comfortable cabins under the big trees, each house widely separated from the other, with a vegetable garden in the rear, and a vine and a flower at the front. Very happy seemed the black children that played in the sand-bed and about the doors. Very genuine sounded the laughter of those little slaves as they romped and played. They seemed to love "Old Miss": they did not tremble, at the approach of "Old Marse". No pall of fear hung over those plantation villages. And the privacy of these homes of the blacks was respected by every white person on the place. Regulated in this patriarchal manner, and encouraged to marry, the negro man practiced continence, and was but slightly contaminated by venereal disease. The race is rotten with it now, and the consequent deterioration is glaringly evident.

In "slavery days", many a white child taught the negro children how to read. Thousands of white preachers expounded the Gospel to them, and prayed with them. They came to know something of law and order, of right and wrong, of the peace and the comfort of methodical industry.

The yodel-song of the slave used to ring throughout the South, on summer nights, as it never will again. It had no grief in it, no hatred, no despair. I remember how it used to rise and swell and lingeringly re-echo over the old plantation,

when the singer, "on his way to his wife's house", was miles away.

Not a single case of rape ever occurred,—yet the "slave-driver" was constantly leaving his wife and children alone at the "Big House". Nothing was more common than for the master, in leaving home, to select one of his slaves to sleep at the door while he was away. And every night that the white man was gone the negro would stretch his blanket on the piazza, and, with his axe in his arms, lie down to guard the master's wife and daughters.

Ah, Mr. Socialist, you know nothing about it. When we Southern men were boys, we'd fight other white boys, "at the drop of a hat", if they "imposed upon" our black playmates. In like manner, the negro boys would fight other negroes in defense of their white playmates. (In the cemetery at Macon, Ga., is a magnificent monument over the last resting place of a rich white man who lost his life protecting his slaves. I saw it often while at Mercer University.)

When the cruel War began, who was more eager to follow "Young Marster" to the front than his black "boy"? How can any Socialist, holding the views expressed by Mr. Hunter, explain the devotion which so many thousands of negroes displayed on the march, in the camp, in the hospital, and on the battlefield? And how do they explain the stupendous fact that during the four years when the white men were in the army, the negro protected white wives and daughters?

Mr. Hunter says that we crushed every human aspiration of the slave, and that it was not until after Brown and Lincoln died that the negro knew himself as a part of humanity.

Will Mr. Socialist listen to a colored man, testifying upon that subject? My witness is the Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, a South Carolinian who has served in the legislature (1876), where he was made chairman of its leading committees. He is a lawyer who has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and he is a Colonel in the National Guard. I have never seen Mr. Thomas, but from what he says of his ancestry he must be a bright mulatto. He has recently published a most interesting and remarkable study of "The American Negro",—a work brought out by the Macmillan Publishing Company. I earnestly advise Mr. Hunter to get the book and read it. Speaking of the institution of slavery, this colored man says (page 21) :

"Despite its barbarities, slavery wrought a salutary transformation in the negro race. It made rational men out of savage animals, and industrious serfs out of wanton idlers. It found the negro rioting in benighted ignorance, and led him to the threshold of light and knowledge. It clothed nakedness in civilized habiliments, and taught a jungle idolator of Christ and immorality."

This is the voluntary evidence of a South Carolina colored man who was born in 1843, lost an arm in service with the Union Army during the Civil War, resumed his studies in 1865 and spent three years at a Presbyterian Seminary, engaged in religious newspaper work awhile, and then (1871) went to Newberry County, S. C., to organize schools and teach free negroes. Mr. Thomas cast his first vote in 1864, and gave it to Abraham Lincoln.

If the Socialists reject the testimony of *such* a witness, whom *would* they believe? And if they accept his evidence, they must radically modify their absurd notions about Southern slavery.

* * * * * * * *

It was by contact with the Cavaliers of the South, and in imitation of our gallantry to women, that the negro got his first idea of what the Caucasian calls love. In Africa, the black man has the same feeling for a black woman that the bull has for the cow: in America, he has, by slow degrees, come under some of the influence of sentiment. In Africa, the black man never "courted" the girl he wanted: he either took her without ceremony, or paid a cow or so to her father for her,—she having little or no voice in the trade. In this country the negro,—an imitative creature—saw how white boys "courted" the girls, and he delightedly copied the practice. On this subject, Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, in his book, "The American Negro", testifies:

"So bestial are negro men that *we have known them* to lead wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters to the sensuous embraces of white men."

Again:

"Fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters . . . abandon themselves . . . to sexual gratification whenever desire and opportunity arises."

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Hunter speaks of slavery brutalizing the master, "stultifying" his intellect, and paralyzing his soul! How ridiculous! There was never a finer race of men, nor a purer, sweeter, noble type of womanhood than those of the Old South.

In Mr. Roosevelt's "Life of Benton", he candidly admits

that the Southern soldiers were, man for man, superior to those of the North. Everybody knows that the statement is true. Else, how could the Confederates have so long maintained a five-to-one conflict? Is Mr. Hunter ignorant of the noble tribute which Mr. Roosevelt paid to the Army of Northern Virginia, and to Robert E. Lee? (The other day a Socialist writer, and worshipper of John Brown, classed General Lee with Benedict Arnold. Inferentially, Mr. Hunter does precisely the same thing.)

Is the South now producing higher types of men than George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, John Marshall, James Monroe, Charles Carroll, John and Henry Laurens, Archibald Bulloch, Thomas Nelson, Nathaniel Macon, William Lowndes, Hugh Legare, John Forsyth, Edward and John Rutledge, George M. Troup, Chancellor Wythe, Peyton Randolph, William Cumming, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry A. Wise, Albert Sidney Johnson, Bishop Pierce and Jesse Mercer? These are just a few of the names, strung on at random: there are hundreds of others, borne by slave-owners whose "heads were great and whose hearts were true". Will the South ever see their like again? I doubt it. The capitalists of the North have commercialized us, and the olden standards wane and sink.

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Mr. Hunter says that slavery "degraded our politics". He wrote the article in *New Jersey*, and published it in *New York*,—and lays "degraded politics" to *our* door,—this *New Jersey* Socialist writing for a paper in *New York*! Mr. Hunter's sense of humor cannot be very keen.

Slavery degraded Southern politics, did it? Why, we never knew anything about stuffing ballot boxes, using the fraudulent registration, the repeater, and the doctored "return", until after the Civil War; and then we imported them from New York. We never knew what it was to have Northern corporations choose our Senators, boss our Congressmen, debauch our Legislatures, and prostitute our Judiciary, until after the Republicans and Abolitionists took control of the Government.

The very lands out of which sprung the legions that devastated Virginia, were unselfishly donated to the Union by that slave State. It was a slave-owning President that widened your Western frontiers until your flag flew from sea to sea. It was the slave-dynasty that called the imperial Lone Star into your national firmament. They were slave-owners who

put European Kings upon notice that *all* the New World, every one of the Americas, should forever be free from Old World domination.

The slave-owners combatted New England's greed for robber tariffs: ended the existence of the national bank: paid off the public debt: governed the country economically, at a cost of less than two dollars per capita: and when there was a surplus in the treasury, they did not make a gift of it to Wall Street thieves, but returned it to the States.

No pampered few were made millionaires by the laws of the slave-owner; no millions of industrious men were reduced to poverty by his abuse of power. Many slave-owners entered the public service rich, and left it poor: none entered it poor and left it rich. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson,—each of them had to borrow large sums of money at the end of his Presidential term. It remained for the Abolitionists to give us a governmental system which spawns Trusts and bread-lines; a system in which the John Shermans, Arthur Gormans, and Nelson Aldriches go into office with good characters, but no wealth; and depart loaded with riches, but besmirched in character; a system under which the Guggenheims and Clarks and Brices and Depews buy Senatorial seats, as others purchase a berth in the Stock Exchange.

The very laws that make your paupers and your Socialists,—the refunding plots and contraction crimes, the resurrection of the national bank, the violation of the integrity of the Constitutional money-system, the Morrill tariff which begot the subsequent abominations, the partnership between Wall Street and the United States Treasury,—all these curses came upon the country *immediately* after the Republicans gained control.

The Abolitionists have done what Webster mournfully predicted, and they did it by forcing a war which the people of the North did not really want.

"Slavery degraded our politics!" O heavens, to think that such an indictment should be drawn against the proud, high-minded, scrupulously honorable statesmen of the Old South, by a Socialist who resides in *New Jersey* and writes for a paper in *New York*!

And to think that the accusation should follow so close on the heels of the extra session of Congress which framed the "*Downward Revision*" bill!

* * * * *

If Mr. Hunter were a student, in the broad sense of the word, he would know that slavery was never the cause of the downfall of any nation. Peoples lose their civilization and sink into decadence, when they have suffered their blood to become vitiated by the infusion of inferior strains. *The nation that crosses its breed with lower races, is the nation that goes to hell.*

The creed of Socialism threatens Caucasian civilization,—for it offers to the negro absolute equality with the whites, social and political. With such a breaking down of barriers, the mongrelization of the higher race would begin. At present, no African blood is in our veins. Some of our blood has gone into theirs, but racially *we* are, as yet, pure.

Mr. Hunter, Mr. Medill, and the Northern and European Socialists generally, construe the Brotherhood of Man to mean the putting of all races on the same level. The brown peoples, the yellow and the black are to be recognized as our equals in every way. The magnificent superiority given to the Caucasian by the God that made him, and used by him for the betterment of the world, is to sink into a debasing, unnatural equality with the scum of creation. It is sickening to think of.

The effeminate, dissolute, cowardly and sensual Asiatic, pouring into Greece after Alexander's career of conquest, wrote "*Ichabod*" upon the record of the Hellenese, whom they hybridized and degraded. The influx of the inferior races subjugated Rome, sapped her imperial vigor, corrupted her blood, destroyed her ideals. The most awesome spectacle in history is that of the mongrelized empire of the Cæsars, tottering from age to age, propped by the spears of pure-blooded Celts and Teutons,—who serve half scornfully, until such time as they dismember the impotent realm and divide it among themselves.

What ails Portugal, Spain, South America? The mongrel. What's the matter with Cuba? The mongrel. Who that knows the story of the nations can be ignorant of the fact that a superior breed, crossed with an inferior, sinks to a lower level? The Portuguese have too much African blood in their veins. In Central and South America, the Spaniards intermixed with Indians and negroes. In Cuba, there is almost no pure blood at all. Hence, it is incapable of self-government.

Teutons, Celts, Normans, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, etc., could fuse, and not be hurt: they were all Caucasians, all members of the great white family. But fusion with a lower race is ruin. These Howling Dervishes who are eternally rail-

ing at the South and reviling her, are as blind as bats, or they would know that our invincible determination to protect ourselves from negro equality, *is the divine instinct of race-preservation.*

When such Socialists as Hunter, Medill and Debs strive to have John Brown accepted as a saint, and Robert E. Lee classed as a traitor, the ultimate purpose is to beat down what these fanatics call "prejudice against the negro". Socialism means to have the African classed as one of our brothers, whose skin freakish nature painted black. They ignore his *inferiority* altogether. They forget that thick skull which God gave him: they refuse to see the truth of history: they will not admit that the African had as much time and as good an opportunity to evolve a civilization *from within*, as yellow, brown and white men had. They reject the evidence that the African was given the benefit of Phœnician civilization and lost it; of Grecian glories, and lost them; of Roman grandeurs, and lost them. They spurn the terrible testimony of San Domingo. They scout the pitiful lesson of Liberia. They simply *won't* learn anything about the *real* negro, *in the mass*. They judge every black man by the Booker Washingtons, and they don't know, as we do, that if Booker were to send his children to Africa, the third generation would be the slaves of Witch Doctors, and would consider the leg of a fat missionary an epicurean delicacy.

These Howling Dervishes ought to know, but do not, that there is no such thing, ethnologically, as a backward race,—no such thing as improving, racially, a fixed type. The brain-cavity of the negro skulls found in mummies 3,000 years old, is just the same inferior product of nature that it is now.

The German of a thousand years ago had the brain and the characteristics of the German of today. Herman, who smashed the legions of Varus, repulsed Drusus, and established the independence of his country, was a greater man than Barbarossa, than Frederick, than Bismarck. Charlemagne towers above his modern successors, as Alfred of England, the first Edward, and the Norman William take precedence of the monarchs of Britain. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman: once a Celt, always a Celt: once a Frank, always a Frank: once a Negro, always a Negro. God ordained it so: Man strives in vain to reverse the decrees of the Almighty.

Education does not alter racial characteristics. You can't make a Saxon or a Celt out of Jew, Turk or Chinaman, by

sending him to college. All the waters of the Pierian Spring couldn't wash the inferiority out of the negro. And the most discouraging thing about the best educated negro is, that *education cannot be transmitted from sire to son*. Racial characteristics can be inherited, but *culture dies with the individual*.

Everybody who knows a blessed thing about it, will agree that, while a few of the negroes are becoming more and more like the better class of white people—in dress, manners, way of living, and education—*the mass of the race is going backward*.

The towns are infested with young negro men who will not work at any price. They live on the negro women,—stealing what they can from the whites. Comparatively few of these men are free from loathsome maladies. Practically none of the girls and women are chaste. The South has squandered more than \$100,000,000 since the Civil War educating the blacks, but in most instances the schooling does the children no good. The average negro has no true conception of religion, of civic responsibility, of loyalty to the marriage vow, of *principle* of any kind.

Poor child of impulse! Anybody can lead him anywhere by playing upon his credulity, his ignorance, his superstition, his sensual appetites. The *mass of the race* are in a lower condition today—in health, in morals, in physical well-being, in racial purity and strength—than they were in the days of slavery.

And notwithstanding the fact that they now receive more of what they produce than white labor does in protected industries, Mr. Thomas figures out, in his remarkable book, that *the Southern farmers pay less for free negro labor than slave-labor cost*.

We Southern whites are the best friends the negro has got, but we know what he really is. We know where he would go to, if our sustaining hand, our compelling influence, our constant pattern and example, were not ever present, *coercing him our way*.

Yes, sir! We know Sambo, and we like him first rate, in *his place*. And he must stay there, too,—Socialists to the contrary notwithstanding.

By the sacred memories of the mighty past, in the name of every hero-martyr that fought and died to create this Christian civilization, as trustees of the glorious legacy of Caucasian ideals and achievements, as defenders of the inheritance of our children's children, we *must*, we *MUST* safeguard our race and

our institutions from the infusion of negro blood and the degradation of negro standards.

The Hindoo, encompassed by a vast welter of mixed, inferior races, drew around himself the rigid circle of Caste, and so maintained his civilization for centuries,—a civilization which blossomed gorgeously and ripened the choicest fruits of science and the arts, of literature, philosophy and religion. But the ocean of mongrelism encroached, the lines of Caste were submerged, Hindoo blood mingled with inferior currents, and Hindoo civilization sunk.

If ever there was a time when the Caucasians of America should take this historic object-lesson to heart, it is now.

Says Mr. Hunter, referring to our Southern forefathers:

"For profit, they even bred themselves to their blacks, and sold into slavery half their blood."

Deliciously delicate, isn't it?

Joshua Giddings, Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Ben Wade, Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner tongue-lashed the South with all the intensity of partisan fury, but that was when passions were raging, and the Niagara of Civil War thundered in the distance. To read a sentence like Mr. Hunter's at this late day, stirs a feeling of profound surprise and regret.

According to Mr. Hunter, the mulatto is the result of a mathematical calculation. The master figured out the amount he could add to his fortune by selling half-breeds,—and then went and begot the children. Does Mr. Hunter seriously contend that even the colder-blooded Puritan was ever so icily calculating, as he represents the Cavalier to have been?

As to "involving the country in a monstrous civil war" for the sake of slavery,—that is another naive conception.

There were only a quarter of a million slave-owners in the South, yet the whole section sprang to arms. To preserve slavery? Nonsense.

The truth is, the seceding States were so sincere in their belief that they had a right to leave the Union, that they made no preparations for war. They bought no supply of arms, threw up no defenses, strengthened no fortress, called for no troops. With the slaves, they had gone out of the old Confederation and joined the new one. The written condition was that slavery should not be disturbed. When that compact was violated, they withdrew, without bluster and without threats. The Southern leaders delivered farewell speeches to their Congress-

sional colleagues—speeches which throb with profound emotion, suggestive of unshed tears.

If the capture of Fort Sumter was wrong, the Lincoln Government should have sent a fleet to Charleston and retaken the fortress. There was no legal, moral or other sort of justification for pouring armies into Virginia. It was Mr. Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South, that unified and electrified her people. Practically every Southerner, outside the mountains, intensely resented that invasion. Even the school-boys threw down their books, and rushed to Virginia to help defend her. Gracious God! why is it that Northern people will *never* understand that the the Sought fought on principle, for what she considered her Constitutional rights, and *not* for the slave?

Mr. Hunter must know that when Lincoln took the oath of office, *he had just declared in his inaugural address that he had neither the legal right nor the inclination to interfere with slavery.*

With the advent of the rabid Abolitionists, the separation of the sections, or the surrender by the Southern States of their Constitutional rights, became inevitable.

Jefferson foresaw the bloody conflict, when Senator Thomas, of Illinois, injected the slavery question, and demanded the arbitrary dividing line between free States and slave States, at the time Missouri sought admission to the Union. The "Missouri Compromise" was nothing more than a discriminating condition which the North imposed upon the South. In no sense, was it the work of Henry Clay or any other Southern statesman. The South simply accepted it, because the majority was against her. The agreement was that Maine and Missouri should both be admitted, but after Maine came in (1820), the Northern Abolitionists threw their whole strength against the admission of Missouri, and she did not get in until later, and after having drained a bitter cup of humiliation.

Apparently, Mr. Hunter is not well informed of the avowed purpose of the Abolition leaders to violate the Constitution and disrupt the Union. He probably knows that the first disunion threat ever heard in Congress was made by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, and that the first Secession Convention was held at Hartford, Connecticut, and that New England was practically out of the Union during the War of 1812—her capitalists lending money and furnishing supplies to the enemy, and her officials defying the National Government. But does he know that the leaders of the Abolition movement were avow-

edly for disunion, and brutally frank in their declarations of their contempt of law?

So early as 1850, William Lloyd Garrison was bellowing, "A thousand times accursed be this Union!"

In 1855, Senator Ben Wade, addressing a mass-meeting in Maine, exclaimed, "Let us sweep away this remnant which we call a Union."

Anson Burlingame said, "We need disunion, a new Constitution, a new Bible, and a new God." The old Union, Constitution and Bible had slavery in them, and Burlingame was against all three on that account. Mr. Lincoln appointed him minister to China.

Joshua R. Giddings introduced into Congress a resolution demanding a dissolution of the Union. Mr. Lincoln appointed him to a fine Consular position.

Mr. Langdon, of Ohio, said in a speech, "I hate the Union as I hate hell."

Wendell Phillips declared that, "Washington was a sinner! It becomes an American to cover his face when he places Washington's bust among the great men of the world"; whereupon, one of the disciples of Phillips cried out,—“And I would like to spit on that scoundrel, Washington.”

The Father of his Country owned many slaves, you know,, and the Abolitionists had to give him *post mortem* punishment for it. In fact, it riles their descendants to this day, when they are reminded that the noblest, greatest, tenderest, most intellectual and inspirational men that ever walked this earth, were "*slave-drivers*".

Not only did such agitators as Phillips and Garrison go up and down the North and East, preaching sedition and sowing the seeds of disunion, but even the philosopher, Emerson, told a New England audience that, "We must go back to the original form: in other words, go back to the original right of resistance and revolution, and nullify the Constitution and the laws."

In old Faneuil Hall (1854) a mass-meeting adopted a resolution in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

At a Boston meeting (1849), Wendell Phillips shouted:

"We confess that we intend to trample on the Constitution. We of New England are *not* a law-abiding community, *God be thanked for it*. We are disunionists."

The position of William H. Seward, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner and the rest of the Abolition leaders was identical with that of Phillips.

When the South seceded, these Abolitionists rejoiced and, strange as it may seem, nearly all of them admitted her right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. Sumner declared that, "*Nothing can possibly be so horrible, so wicked, or so foolish as a war on the South.*" That was, at first, the prevailing sentiment at the North.

The argument which perhaps did most to produce the War, was that which Wendell Phillips had made to the Northern manufacturers. Said he to them, in substance:

"If the Southern States remain out of the Union, they will become the customers of free-trade England. You will either have to compete with the mills of the Old World, or lose the profits you now reap from the Southern cotton fields."

This was unanswerable, and it caused the New England capitalists to join the Abolitionists and bring on the Civil War.

Mr. Hunter must be singularly obtuse if he fails to understand that the more enlightened opinion at the North tacitly admits the error of sudden, uncompensated emancipation; the bestowal of suffrage upon a servile horde unprepared to exercise it intelligently; and the humiliating, disastrous conditions imposed upon the conquered States. The North acquiesces, as we enact local legislation whose purpose is to exclude blacks from political privileges.

This is as it should be. The ballot and the office are not at all essential to the negro's happiness and prosperity. He should have in fullest measure the protection of life, liberty and property; should enjoy the absolute and relative *rights* of the citizens; but *political privileges* should be withheld. He should have no place in the army, none in the navy, none in the public service. This should be a white man's Government,—to the exclusion of yellow men, brown men, red men, and black men.

The "door of hope" should not be shut in the negro's face; *but he should be taught that the door of hope does not necessarily mean a vote to sell, an office that puts him above white people, and a place in politics that is corrupting and nationally degrading.*

Social equality follows where political equality leads; and social intercourse between blacks and whites would open the road to amalgamation. Under Socialism, no color line could be drawn; everything belonging to everybody, the negro would come in on the ground floor. Do away with the marriage system, as Socialism proposes, and elevate Free Love into a cult,

and nothing but a God-sent miracle could arrest this nation on its hellward plunge.

* * * * * * * *

The Socialists of the North and West, favoring political and social equality for the negro, join Lincoln's name to that of John Brown. To do this is to ignore the record of Mr. Lincoln. Not only was he a late convert to the Abolition cause, but his votes in Congress had been more pro-slavery than otherwise. In his famous letter to Greeley, occurs the oft-quoted sentence, "*If I could save the Union without freeing the slaves, I would do it.*"

And against the Socialist demand for political and social equality for the negro, there is the familiar declaration of Mr. Lincoln:

"I have no purpose to introduce political or social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which will probably forever forbid their living together on the same footing of equality. I, as well as any other man, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary."

To General Butler, went this letter, from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"President Lincoln desires the right to hold slaves to be fully recognized. The war is prosecuted *for the Union*, hence no question concerning slavery will arise."

That was the Lincoln attitude from the time Seward gave him a written suggestion to that effect, down to the time when military expediency required him to sign the emancipation proclamation.

Here is a passage from Miss Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln", which Mr. Hunter might study with profit:

"In 1864," relates Medill, "when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. Chicago had sent 22,000 and was drained. There were no young men to go, no aliens except what were already bought. The citizens held a mass meeting and appointed three men, of whom I (Medill) was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton (the War Secretary) to give Cook County a new enrollment. On reaching Washington we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused. Then we went to President Lincoln. "I can not do it," said Lincoln, "but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides." So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Frye were there, and they both contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and was finally referred to Lincoln, who had been silently listening. When appealed to, Lincoln turned to us with a black and frowning face: "'Gentlemen,'" he said, with a voice full of bitterness, "'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New Eng-

land opposed the South. It is *you*, Medill, who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. *You* called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you have asked for you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war *you* demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Go home and raise your 6,000 men. And you, Medill, you and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any other paper in the Northwest in making this war. Go home and send me those men I want."

The son of the Medill, to whom Mr. Lincoln said, "*You called for war until you had it! I have given it to you*", is now a shining light of Socialism, clamoring for political and social equality for the blacks, and no doubt as defamatory of the South as Mr. Robert Hunter.

In this Republic, the last hope of the world, we have been given an ominous riddle. We must solve it, or die.

Four millions of semi-savages, injected into our body-politic, have increased until every eighth person we meet is negro or negroid. To swell the bulk of that which we dare not assimilate, the mongrels and the inferior races are coming here from all parts of the world. The Germans no longer come; British and Scotch immigrants are few; the more liberal land-policy of England is rooting the Irishman to his native soil. From what countries, then, flow these high tides of immigration? Austro-Hungary, Russia, and Southern Italy, are flooding us with undesirables. The Orient threatens to follow suit. Actually, the foreign element predominates in many of our larger cities. Through our sea-ports have run torrents of loathsome disease, illiteracy, vice, crime and communistic longing. Millions of these immigrants never learn our language, never really care a fig for the country. And *into this huge mass of human dynamite, this chaotic and combustible world of negro, negroid, European mongrels, inferior races—remnants from every quarter of the globe, the Socialist tosses the fire brand of collectivism, of free love, of social and political equality, and of an indiscriminating fraternity which ignores the God-made differences between the races, and which forgets the causes which have carried lost nations to their doom.* When John Brown's memory is worshipped, and the name of Robert E. Lee blackened to the shade of Benedict Arnold's, we might as well pull down the busts of Washington and Jefferson, and fill our Hall of Fame with statuettes of Anarchas Cloutz.

CHAPTER II.

IN the *Socialist International Review*, September, 1909, we find George D. Herron prominently and approvingly quoted.

That gentleman is now living in Italy, and he must be still a brother-in-good-standing with Socialists, else his name would not be so conspicuously and favorably used in a standard exponent of the creed.

As this chapter is to treat of the ideal and purpose of the sect in the matter of marital relations, I cite the nuptials of George Herron and Carrie Rand. "Actions speak louder than words", and while Socialist agitators, in rural districts and provincial towns, indignantly repudiate the free-love proclivities which I attribute to the cult, I will illustrate by the Herron wedding what the doctrine really means to the Socialists of our metropolitan cities and of Europe.

The Socialists themselves published a booklet describing the Herron-Rand nuptials, under the title of "A Socialist Wedding", to show the world how marital unions would be formed under their system. In other words, Herron wedded Carrie Rand in the way that Socialists say is the right way. To teach *us* how we ought to marry, they describe *their* manner of marrying.

That ought to be good evidence of the Socialist ideal and purpose, ought it not? It is the same as though they had said, "Your system is wrong; it enslaves woman; it calls upon the State, or the State and the Church, *to authorize and sanction a ceremony* which mates a pair for the journey of life. We say that neither the State nor the Church should have anything to do with it; and that a marriage should be the voluntary union of a man and a woman, without any legal permit, without any religious ceremony, without the requirement of any written record before the event, at the time of the event, or after the event."

Incidentally, Mr. Herron was a married man when he met Carrie Rand and became infatuated. His wife divorced him in 1901. In May of the same year the affair described as "A Socialist Wedding" took place. After this speedy exchange of wife for "affinity", George went out West, and took to teaching and preaching. But as the West, with all its bigness and liberality, found it impossible to "stand for" George's doctrines, he removed his residence to Italy—where they "stand for" anything.

Herron is widely known as the author of books advocating Socialism; and the lengthy extract taken from one of his letters and placed at the beginning of one of the leading articles in the *International Socialist Review* indicates that he is yet one of the "we of the inner circle of comradeship". (I regret to find this title of aristocracy taken to themselves by the witnesses and parties to "A Socialist Wedding". I thought that Socialism intended to do away with "inner circles", wheels within wheels, exclusive groups, upper classes, and all that kind of thing.)

The opening sentence of the booklet states that, "We are gathered together, *we of the inner circle of comradeship*, on the last Saturday evening in May." Then follows the announcement that George and Carrie "*for many years had been one in fact*, but we wish this unity *to become manifest* unto the world". Therefore, on this Saturday in May, 1901, "we have asked a few of you" to assemble because "we wish to announce to you this unity of life *which has for many years made us one IN FACT*".

And these Socialists go to the Knickerbocker Press and pay the cost of the printing of a little book to describe this Socialist "wedding"!

But there wasn't any wedding to describe. I can't see any wedding—can you? After having read every page carefully, I find nothing to vary the statement made on the first page. George declared that he and Carrie *had been "one in fact" for many years*; Carrie agreed, and added mystically that the union was "a fact in the heart of God".

But where was the wedding? They were merely *announcing* to the "inner circle" a fact which had long existed. And yet these people, whose sense of the ridiculous is so blunt, publish a book to describe "A Socialist Wedding", when the principals themselves stated at the very beginning *that a union had been formed by themselves alone and maintained in secrecy for years*.

They stood up together, side by side, to make the admissions already quoted, but neither took any vows. No promises were given by either to the other. It was not stated that they ever had entered into any sort of agreement, compact or mutual pledge to a blessed thing. Each had felt drawn to the other, and had flown into the other's arms. After many years, they called in some friends, *to announce this fact*, and the announcement constituted the "wedding".

The Socialist who acted the part that customarily falls to the magistrate or the clergyman was William Thurston Brown. He distinctly stated, "We are not here to inaugurate or consummate a marriage." Again, he says, "These friends of ours *announce* today their marriage." At the last, Brown says that inasmuch as George and Carrie "*are united*" (and had been for many years), "*I announce* that they are husband and wife." *He* did not unite them in marriage; *they* had already done that *years before*.

Brown does not perform any ceremony, witness any contract, tie any knot; *Brown simply states a fact, tells the news. George and Carrie are already united*; have long been, in their own eyes, man and wife; and they tell a few of the inner circle about it; these chosen comrades come together to make little speeches and to recite poems; and one of them grandiloquently holds forth, asserting that, "*this is the time and place for the music of a poet, the speech of a god; the office of a priest or magistrate were an intrusion here*",—and winds up with "*they are united*" already, and "*I announce the fact*".

There are thirty-nine pages of delicious mush following and glorifying the revelation which George and Carrie had made. To read these almost incredible little speeches of congratulation and oh-be-joyful, you'd think that a married man could not do a nobler thing than to live a lie "for many years"—betraying his wife, playing false to his solemn vows, and maintaining a connection with another woman that he dared not disclose.

Those who made addresses were Charles Brodie Patterson, William Thurston Brown, Richard Le Gallienne, Leonard D. Abbott, William Mailly, Marguerite V. Wien, Ralph Waldo Trine, Katherine L. M. Meserole, Darwin J. Meserole, Mabel MacCoy Irwin, Bolton Hall, Arthur Farwell, and F. H. Wentworth. Also present were Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine, Elizabeth B. Kendall and Marion Craig Wentworth. These ladies also paid tribute to the "wedding", but not in prose; these enthusiastic ladies "drapped into poetry".

In F. H. Wentworth's address, he spoke of the "wedding" as "*a mighty triumph of truth and sincerity in the world*", and expressed the belief that *the Socialist "cause must be helped by it"*.

Said he:

"There seems in the gathering of such a company a *hint of the dawn*—

ing of the day when the spirit of freedom shall rule the world—freedom of the body and freedom of the soul."

He referred to the fact that Carrie Rand's mother (who was present) had been a pioneer Abolitionist and Free-trader, and complimented her upon now taking her stand, amid Socialists, at this "wedding".

I am not yet meaning to discuss the rights and wrongs of Socialism—my aim is, first *to prove by leading, representative teachers and expounders of Socialism that they antagonize our marriage system and favor free love.*

In the first speech at "A Socialist Wedding", Mr. Patterson said:

"God only joins those who love one another. If that love exists in the hearts of two persons for one another, *then*, whom God hath joined together, no man can put asunder."

If this does not mean that mutual love shall of itself constitute marriage, what does it mean?

No application for a marriage license, no ceremony before a magistrate or clergyman, no formal contract entered into before witnesses, no exchange of vows, no record made anywhere to render easy the proof of *the tremendous psychological and social fact!* If that is not free love, what is it?

In his address, Richard Le Gallienne declared:

"All the friends that Mr. and Mrs. Herron love will love them forever, and love them all the better because they have had the courage to stand up and say that they love each other, and *that love is all the marriage they need.*"

Could "love" be "freer" than that?

In his talk, Leonard Abbott expressed the hope *that the Herron union "may mark an even greater devotion and completer consecration to the Socialist movement and the Socialist ideal"*.

Bolton Hall was very bitter in his allusion to the orthodox who would be sure to disapprove of that kind of a "wedding". He said:

"While we lead an advance in the world" [in this free-love practice] "we must put up with the snarling and the biting of the dogs."

The snarling and biting dogs referred to are, of course, those who think that mutual love and mutual desire do not, *of themselves*, constitute the relation of which it is said, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

In the speech of Arthur Farwell, he said that it seems to

him "there must be space in the universe for a soul that wills to be *free from bonds of conventionality*". He then glowingly describes Herron and Miss Rand as two who have proclaimed it here tonight "that this *freedom to live out one's intuitions* is the supreme factor of life".

The concluding page of "A Socialist Wedding" must be quoted in full:

"The gathering broke up, and finally, as a sweet benediction, the bride herself took her seat at the piano and played to us for awhile, pouring out her soul in the interpretation of one of Beethoven's greatest sonatas. And as she played *the memory of a ghoulisn press, of human cultures, of slave-marriage, of oruel capitalism, was blotted out*. We saw only the vision of the new life of Socialism, when the love that made this union holy shall be the only basis of marriage, and when this love, stretching out, shall embrace the common life of the world."

Prepare the nuptial couch! A youth and a maid, or a man and a woman, say to each other, "I love you," and Hymen's torch is then and there lit. They confess the mutual devotion and that alone is sufficient. *They are married*, and each may ask and receive, *immediately*, the privileges of the lawfully wedded. *Yet I am furiously denounced in Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Florida for contending that Socialism means just that!*

It can not be truthfully said that those whose addresses at "A Socialist Wedding" have been quoted by me are not *representative Socialists, who understand perfectly the Socialist ideal of wedded life*.

If the kind of marriage which Herron made with Miss Rand did not conform to Socialist views, there would not have been such enthusiastic unanimity of sentiment in the utterances of the large group of prominent representatives of the creed as was shown by the speakers at "A Socialist Wedding".

But let us go further, and consider the teachings of the great German who has, for so many years, been the official leader of the Socialists in the Reichstag—a recognized authority on the creed, whose word can not be rejected by any orthodox believer in Socialism.

Herr Bebel's book, "Woman Under Socialism", has run through more than thirty-three German editions. I will use the translation made by Daniel De Leon, and published by the New York Labor News Company in 1904.

In the translator's preface, he states that "*the Woman*

Question is the weakest link in the capitalistic mail." He alludes to the efforts Socialists are making to enlist the women in the "*overthrow of the existing order*". He frankly uses the word "*Communism*", and expresses his belief that the race is now headed toward it.

Mr. De Leon is one of the most conspicuous and energetic American leaders of Socialism. When he translates Herr Bebel's book into English, and publishes it for use in Socialist propaganda, we need not be told that Mr. De Leon is in full accord with Herr Bebel, and desires to win converts to Socialism by the circulation of Bebel's book. And when we find that "*Woman Under Socialism*" is an elaborate argument for just such ideals as those set forth at "*A Socialist Wedding*", we need no further evidence to convince us that Socialism *does* make uncompromising war upon marriage, *as we know it*, and proposes to substitute therefor the informal "free and easy" mating which Herron and Miss Rand first practised and then "announced".

What is the line of reasoning in Herr Bebel's book—this book which European Socialists have rapturously accepted, and which American Socialists have adopted as a part of their educational literature?

The gist of it is this:

(1.) The "mother-right" was universally acknowledged in the primitive ages, when there was no such thing as marriage, and when the intercourse between the sexes was so promiscuous that no one knew or cared who was the father of the child. It was self-evident who the mother was—hence the "mother-right" of those beatific times.

(2.) To establish "capitalism", *the selfish owner of property invented marriage*, in order that he might beget an heir to *inherit his wealth*. In this way, and for this purpose, the "father-right" superseded the "mother-right".

(3.) The bulwark of "capitalism", therefore, is the marital relation, with its "father-right"; and *society must abolish formal marriage, and return to the "mother-right" system*, under which it makes no difference who is the father of the child.

(4.) The sensual appetite being a natural one, *must be gratified as we satiate hunger and thirst*. The denial of indulgence to it is harmful to health, and productive of serious disorders in mind and body.

(5.) Private property being abolished, the State "vanishes away". "*It dies out.*" Crimes are no longer committed. "*Religion will gradually vanish.*"

Such is the fair summary of Herr Bebel's amazing book—a book that European Socialists rave over, and which their American brethren are greedily devouring.

A franker appeal to the lusts of man was never made.

These Socialists know enough of human nature to see that in every normal male and female is the desire for temporary or permanent mating. They know that to become and remain *a gentleman*, natural passions have to be reined in and kept under control; they know that to become and remain *a lady*, treacherous inclinations must be checked. To "overthrow the existing order", they appeal to men and women who have submitted to the golden chains of self-denial, and they preach the gospel of unbridled license. Could any doctrine be more ruinous?

I must *curb* my temper, and *not yield* to the impulse to be violent. To *give way to that natural passion and inclination* would be destructive to my own happiness, and to the good order of society. I must deny myself the imagined sweets of *revenge*; otherwise, my diet will be as harmful to me as the fabled apples of the Dead Sea. So with covetousness, hate, envy, jealousy—they must not be given freedom; *they must be kept in chains*. Our happiness demands it. But with sexual desire, the Socialists declare that it should be different. *That* passion is like hunger and thirst; to indulge it, they say, is no more of a vice and sin than eating and drinking.

According to that line of argument, when, in some terrible moment of anger, you have murder in your heart, you must kill! If natural covetousness tempts, steal! If you crave whisky, drink. If your disposition is masterful, trample on the feelings and the rights of others; use your giant strength like a giant—to the misery of those who are weaker.

The bed-rock of Christian civilization is *SELF-RESTRAINT*. We become good and great as we subdue the evil spirits within us. *Naturally, the human heart is partially bad*. We have all had wicked thoughts, vile inclinations, devilish temptations.

The angel of darkness battles with the angel of light for the possession of our souls; the true victor in this earthly existence is not the heaper-up of riches, not the conqueror of bound-

less realms, but the man who can say, "I have trod down what was evil in my nature. Prone to vice, I resisted its allurements. I, too, could have wallowed in the mire of sensualism, but I wouldn't. It was in me to have been a bad man—a man of violence, a voluptuary, a gambler, a frequenter of the haunts of the scarlet woman. But I saw where that road led; I knew the ruin that lurked behind the siren; I entered Venus-burg, but would not live in it. I could not help having the evil spirit—it came to me, as to all men, by inheritance; but the angel that also came with my birth pleaded with me to put the evil spirit down. She unfurled her radiant banner, pointed to the sunlit uplands of noble aim and endeavor, and said to me, 'Take *this* flag and plant it on those heights!'—and I did it, thank God! I am happy, and make others happy, in proportion to my right-living; and to live right, I have always to resist the evil propensities, *which grow weaker after each repulse.*"

Every gentleman who reads these lines knows that they contain the very quintessence of truth. Every pure girl or woman who reads them knows it, too.

And now come these foreign degenerates, with their nasty mess of Socialism, offering to save society by unleashing the hell-hounds of lust!

It's a shame that this vile gospel should have made such progress in our cities. It's a national disgrace that it should be spreading everywhere.

And the men who are chiefly responsible for it are those who have admitted foreigners of all sorts, and who have enacted the legislation which spawns the millionaire and the pauper.

If any one had told me ten years ago that such an affair as Herron's could have been extolled and proclaimed as an ideal wedding, and that such a book as "Woman Under Socialism" would be hailed with enthusiastic acclamations in this country, I would have considered such a man out of his senses.

Let me quote you some passages from this foul volume. The passages selected are not "garbled extracts". You shall have complete sentences, and full paragraphs, giving the exact meaning of the renowned leader of German Socialism—a man who has for very many years been an acknowledged leader and recognized authority on Socialism. *If Herr Bebel does not know what goal Socialists are headed for, who does?*

Some innocents, easily won dupes, have written me that I must be wrong about what Socialism means, for they do not see anything against our marriage system, or home-owning, or social equality, *in the platform of American Socialists.*

Oh, my! Do you find in the Republican platform any declaration in favor of Wall Street, the Eastern manufacturers, the national bankers, the Steel Trust, the Whisky Trust, the Tobacco Trust? Can you find in the Democratic platform any admissions that the Tom Ryans, Tom Taggarts, Belmonts, Dukes and Tammany thieves run it in the interest of the specially privileged?

You know that these two old parties are prostitutes to plutocracy, don't you? You can see that they confiscate the wealth produced by the toiling millions, and give it to the beneficiaries of class-legislation, can't you? But you will not find the faintest suggestion of these truths in either of the platforms.

You might declare, in a political platform, that there is no danger of an explosion when fire and gunpowder come in contact, but that would not alter the facts. *Socialism is to be learned from its Bibles—the Acts of its Apostles.* It isn't the ranter on the street-corner, nor the platform which the American vote-seekers put together, that you must look to for a knowledge of the creed. *You must go to the writings of its founders. You must study the Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul of THIS NEW RELIGION,—for it is a religion which MEANS TO SWEEP AWAY YOUR CHURCH, JUST AS IT MEANS TO ABOLISH YOUR STATE.*

But you may ask, "Are not the Prohibitionists and the Populists to be judged by their platform?"

Yes, they are, but the cases are not similar. Prohibitionists and Populists do not oppose the existing *form of government*, and do not contend that an entirely new system of society should be substituted. Each of these groups of reformers claim that our present form is all right, but that abuses that have crept in ought to be put out. Our platforms, therefore, simply enumerate the changes desired. We don't say that a *new temple* should be built, and a very different one at that; but we want to drive the money-changer from within, and thus *purify the old temple.* The Socialists offer a new system, altogether, and to know what this system is, we must go to the books and manifestoes of its apostles and founders. We can not accept platforms framed by cunning American leaders, who modify

the creed to dupe the disciple, and *thus get in the thin edge of the wedge.*

But to proceed with our examination of "Woman Under Socialism":

First of all, Herr Bebel rejects the Biblical story of the creation of man. Then he delves into various works on the origin of the family.

He states the conclusion arrived at by Morgan: that "at the lower stage of savagery there was sexual intercourse between the several grades or generations, *every woman belonging to every man, and every man to every woman*".

That is plain enough, is it not? No "garbling" is possible in so bald a statement. Then Herr Bebel cites Strabo, on the Arabian system under which brothers cohabited with their own sisters and with their own mothers.

Good God! You could not "garble" that passage, could you?

Then he says,—Herr Bebel does,—"The theory that" * * "sexual intercourse was indiscriminate is further supported by the Hindoo myth according to which Brahma married his own daughter."

It would be difficult to miss the full meaning of that, would it not?

"The same myth turns up again among the Egyptians and the Northern Edda. The Egyptian god Ammon was the spouse of his own mother, and boasted of it. Odin, according to the Edda, was the mate of his own daughter, Frigga."

Now pause a moment, and reflect upon this question, "*Why is the setting forth of all these things logically necessary to an argument in support of Socialism?*"

Think it over. In what way are these repulsive facts germane to a discussion of the status of *woman under Socialism?*

If the altar is not to be overturned, the Caucasian home made impossible, the nuptial chain forever broken, and freedom of sexual mating, unmating and remating, substituted,—*why, why, WHY*,—in the name of the God of our fathers, should Herr Bebel, and the other leaders of Socialist thought, *take so much pains to prove that "in the old times" members of the opposite sexes put no harness on their passions?*

The Socialists fail to draw the distinction between races!

Not only must every sound argument allow for clime and era, but it must discriminate between the five great races.

Don't apply the standards of the red man to the blacks; don't confuse the customs of the yellow man with those of the brown. And the merest tyro in ethnology ought to know that the Caucasian, *the white man*, stands in a class peculiarly his own. Of the Caucasian race, *the Celt-Teuton blend is the flower*,—and there never was, in the most barbarous period known to history, *the least taint of sexual promiscuity among this people,—never! NEVER!*

Our women held the respect of the men, even when half-savage, and prior to the institution of private property. *The prostitute was despised then, as now.* The very words commonly applied to her, in the primitive English, imply reproach and aversion. I will not print them,—every man knows what they are. *Those words of scorn and loathing come down to us from the remotest eras.* They prove that we have always respected chastity, and they prove what we have always meant by the word. In the rudest tribe of our ancestors, female virtue meant the restraint of sexual desire *until the formal mating, which was ever a ceremonial rite, and which always required a mutuality of vows.*

But the Socialists, *deriving their ideals mainly from Jewish teachers*,—such as Karl Marx, La Salle, etc.,—are now pounding at the walls, using every battering-ram of class-hatred, proletarian distress, resentment of governmental abuse, swollen fortunes, corrupt courts, and venal legislatures, to overthrow our whole fabric. *After having inflamed the covetousness of the millions who have no property, by appealing to the inherent longing for it, they appeal to that other inborn appetite, sensuality, offering it unfettered indulgence.* To the man who has no house and home, no silver and gold, the Socialists cry, "Come along with us; we will soon be in the majority; we will then vote for governmental ownership of everything, and you will get your share of all the accumulated wealth of the nation!"

To the man and the woman who find self-denial irksome, but who fear to do as they please, because of our standard of morals, the Socialist says:

"We sympathize with you, and in order that you may do as you please, we will change that standard. It was invented by capitalism to preserve property, anyway, and therefore ought to go, on general principles!"

Mahomet's appeal to Oriental bestiality was not more shameless!

In reference to those primitive ages when the father of the child could not be known, Herr Bebel says:

"The reign of the mother-right implied communism; equality for all; the rise of the father-right implied the reign of private property, and with it the oppression and enslavement of women." [Page 30.]

The author and translator put this passage in italics. Therefore, they put emphasis on it. So will I.

On the same page, lower down, Herr Bebel says that the reason why the husband does not want his wife to have a child by another man is, *that the offspring of some one else would thereby get his property!*

Now, when you find that an utter absurdity is a necessary link in the chain of Socialist reasoning against our marriage and property systems, what faith can you pin to his statement that "capitalism" enslaved women to preserve private property?

The reason why the husband objects to the wife's commerce with other men is, that he does not want an illegitimate child to inherit his property! Bless my life! I never expected to find such an "argument" in any book whatsoever,—not even in a Socialist book.

If *the husband's* furious resentment of his wife's infidelity is due to "capitalism", what does *the father's* grief and rage grow out of? Why does *the brother* shoot the seducer of his sister? Has "capitalism" any connection with *that*? Why do all the relatives and friends of the girl feel anger and mortification? And why is it the man who has no property has always had the same feeling on this subject? In one case, only, did property and inheritance cut any figure in the punishment of the unfaithful wife. If *the queen* broke her vows, a false king might come to the throne. Both the king and the people had an interest here, and it found its expression in the penal laws which brought such heads as Anne Boleyn's to the block.

The "mother-right", says Herr Bebel, implied communism and womanly freedom and happiness; the rise of the "father-right" marked the beginning of private property and woman slavery!

Pray pardon me here; I *must* call spades, "spades".

The Socialist argument against our system of private prop-

erty and our system of marriage, is precisely the same, in both cases. If it can be shown to be false, as against the one system, it can the more easily be smashed, as against the other.

Now, use your mother-wit, and forgive me for plain speaking,—

Is it likely that women were well-treated, when they were the sluts of the tribe? Don't understand me to be alluding to white women. Oh, heavens, no! The Caucasian maid was never the fruit of the first man who came to pluck,—never in the world! White women never went from tent to tent, bestowing favors wherever they were desired.

My question has reference to *the four other races, whose customs supply Herr Bebel with his weapons against our marriage system.* How can he, or any other student of humanity, bring himself to believe that the men of the tribe had any respect for women, when the women had to live like female dogs?

I could pile up testimony, until even the most skeptical would be convinced, to prove that among those peoples where the mother-right prevailed the women were the veriest slaves. Compelled to do all the work, compelled to eat only the man's leavings, after the man had got through stuffing himself; compelled to yield her person to whoever demanded it,—*forced* by the man whenever she did not yield,—kicked and cuffed in the man's fits of ill-temper, with never a word of love and affection, never an embrace or gallant, uxorious attention; simply doing all the nasty, heavy labor, and varying that by answering the man's call when his lusts were inflamed; bearing the child which nobody claimed and which never, never would climb upon some man's knee, twine little arms about some man's neck, and murmur in some grateful ear the tender words, "*My father!*"

And this was the blissful system under which—according to Herr Bebel and the Socialist leaders of our big cities—the *women were highly esteemed and perfectly happy!*

And they argue that the wicked capitalists banished humanity from this earthly paradise, and enslaved the women! As soon as mothers began to be able to say who was the father of the child, they began to be oppressed!

Private property demanded an heir, and, *THEREFORE*, female honor became so precious in the eyes of the husband that he slew the defiler of his bed!

Away back yonder in the dim, cold forests of Germany,—at a time when the lower races spoken of by the Socialists were passing the women around, from one to another, and when nobody knew or cared whose daughter or whose son any particular child was,—*our wedded Germanic ancestor, who owned nothing individually, had drawn the dead-line around the hut, which was his for the year, and had said to the would-be adulterer, "Step across it, and you die!"* Fathers and brothers had said, with the red emphasis of the swift death-wound, *"Touch my daughter, or betray my sister, and I'll kill you!"* And the son was equally as quick to take vengeance upon the man who wronged his mother. The marital relation was fixed; the wife sacred.

THIS WAS AT A TIME WHEN THE TRIBE OWNED EVERYTHING IN COMMON, and yet we are told that "private property"—wicked old thing!—implanted those feelings in the half-clad, migrating Caucasians; *and that private property and our marriage system are twins, the hideous issue of "capitalism"!*

Our system "enslaved" woman—this system which crowned her as Queen, and seated her on the throne of Love and Beauty; this system under which, in defense of woman's honor, *every knightly sword was sworn to flash from its scabbard!*

The desire for the undefiled home, and the one wife, and the legitimate child have their birth in the noblest traits of human nature. Men passionately *love* their homes, their wives, their offspring. The yearning to have children is embedded in the very foundations of our being. The little girl displays it, in her fondling of dolls. As hers is the office of motherhood, the parental instinct develops in her, first. Motherly devotion is the queenly rose of the garden of Love.

If boys never think of that, young men do, and there are certain songs in which the feeling finds expression. By the time the male matures and marries, the parental instinct is powerful, and the married man wants children,—*to love, to gladden the home, to bear his name, to perpetuate the family.* That's why the barren woman has always felt mortified and unhappy. She yearned for the babies,—for her own sake and to gratify the husband. Even the poorest Jew, propertyless, could divorce the wife who was unable to bring him children.

To contend that a husband's *natural desire for children* springs from sordid considerations of property, is to lose sight

of that profound fatherly instinct and affection which thrills in the agonized cry: "*O Absalom, my son! O my son, Absalom! Would to God I had died for thee!*"

Herr Bebel and his translator pose as chivalrous champions of woman, when, in truth, *this abominable book is the grossest insult that was ever flung at Celt-Teutonic virgins and honest wives!*

These Socialists deny that chastity, and the penalties inflicted upon incontinence, have their birth in the heart of woman! They deny the female sex any credit for that preference for chastity which caused even the Armenian women, some years ago, to slay themselves rather than submit to Mohammedan would-be ravishers.

Coldly, coarsely, Herr Bebel argues that the virtue of the gentler sex is the fruit, not of nature, but of mercenary convention. With the same astounding ignorance¹ of human nature that Robert Hunter displayed, when he traced the mulatto to a mathematical calculation, Herr Bebel, *a German!* alleges that "capitalism" created the marriage system to buttress its own existence,—a bodily heir being requisite,—and that the husband bade his wife remain an honest woman, *for the reason* that he did not want another man's child to inherit the property.

What an insult to Anglo-Saxon husbands and wives! What a libelous misrepresentation of the Celt, the Norman, the Jute, the Frank! Why, who is it that does not know that Germanic tribes were so different from Orientals and Latins that the Roman historians recorded the noble facts, placing them in contrast with the lower standards of imperial, mongrelized Rome?

The land had not become private property; the annual division was regularly made; the tribes had not even fixed their permanent places of abode; yet, even then, marriage was a solemn, formal covenant; and, even then, *the wife and the maid voluntarily took their own lives rather than be robbed of the priceless jewel of womanhood.*

(Herr Bebel himself cites the facts, but totally misses their significance!)

Cæsar declared that he found in Britain the natives living in huts, where brothers used their wives in common; but this very questionable statement is not made by him, or by any one else, of the Germanic tribes. Each Northman was jealously exclusive in regard to his wife.

In the most ancient period, the men took their mates by force; later, the matchmaking was a matter of bargain and sale between suitor and father; later still, the maiden asserted her right to select; and later yet, came the espousals, or "engagement", before the wedding.

Even in the simplest form of mating, the man and the woman clasped hands, in the presence of witnesses, and publicly took each other, in so many words, for husband and wife. (This kind of wedding has come down to our own day, and is known as the "common-law marriage".)

It may interest you to read the primitive Anglo-Saxon maiden's vow:

"I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer and poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonny and buxom, in bed and at board, till death do us part, and thereto I plight my troth."

(No prudery, you see; *that* maiden would never have called the bull, "a gentleman cow"; nor insisted that "tales," be called "anecdotes". Note, also, the absence of the word, "obey".)

The bridegroom's vows were as follows:

"I take thee, Alice, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, at bed and at board, for fairer, for fouler, for better or worse, in sickness, in health, until death do us part."

Even in the earliest times, the repudiation of the wife gave rise to blood-feuds among the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples. At a time when the Hindoo might lawfully put away his spouse *for eating before he had eaten*, and the Chinaman could legally repudiate his for *talkativeness*, and the Jew could divorce the mother of his children for speaking to a social inferior and for disliking her mother-in-law, the Anglo-Saxon *had to give a good reason*, or his wife's kindred would kill him! Not only that, in the Danish-Saxon era (A. D. 550 to A. D. 800) *the husband had to return the wife as he had found her—a virgin!*

The slightest departure of the German woman from morality and good behavior, was looked upon with horror and punished with severity. (See Thrupp's "Anglo-Saxon Home", page 318, and those following. Thrupp collates all the authorities.)

If a married woman was guilty of misconduct, the husband sent for her relations, publicly stated her offense, cut off the long hair which was her proudest ornament, stripped her

naked, drove her out of his hut, and out of the tribal village!*

At a later period, public opinion required that any maid or matron who had gone astray should strangle herself; and if she failed to do so, the women of the vicinity seized her, stripped her to the waist, lashed her with whips, gashed her with knives, and hounded her from place to place, until the poor wretch died. *Then these frenzied German women seized upon the seducer, and hanged him over his victim's grave!*

Herr Bebel, a *German*, ignores these immensely important truths, and *he laboriously builds up an "argument" against our systems of private property and marriage, by attributing to his own ancestors THE MORALS OF GOATS, THE MANNERS OF SWINE, THE CUSTOMS OF DOGS!*

And this disgusting book, "Woman Under Socialism", has been swallowed with "a coming appetite" by Europe, from whence the New York Socialists have imported it to the United States—a nasty book that fans every prurient passion, offers temptation to every demon of class-hatred and individual covetousness!

(As Carlyle said of "Le Chevalier de Faublas", a very *cloaca* of a book!)

Stated with simplicity and directness, Herr Bebel's appeal to "oppressed woman" is this: "You are enslaved. Marriage, as we now know it, is a failure. It was established by capitalists, in order that private property might be inherited, and thus perpetuated. The husband denied the wife the liberties which he continued to enjoy himself; and he did it to make sure that his wealth would descend to his own son. Previous to this wedlock which capitalism imposed upon woman, she had been as free to cohabit with various men, as he *continued to be*, even after taking a wife. The honor of the wife, the honor of the home, did not grow out of the woman's inborn preference for innocence, for purity, for loyalty to her mate. Her fidelity to the husband did not proceed from *her* at all; it was the restraint forced upon her by her lord and master. Now, this slavery has oppressed you, keeping you down. You once had the privilege to mate, unmate, and remate without any form or ceremony whatever. You were then free. Nobody knew or cared about the legitimacy of children. The mother-right prevailed, of necessity—she being the only parent that society could identify. We Socialists call on you to rise and

*And Herr Bebel relates these facts, and misses *their meaning*, also!

help us overturn the existing order. The mother-right must return. Then you can indulge your natural propensities as men do. When hungry, it is no harm to eat; when thirsty, it is not wrong to drink; when voluptuous, it is no sin to gratify that natural appetite, also."

That is the Socialist appeal to oppressed womanhood. So far as Caucasians are concerned, no fouler insult was ever cast in the face of the innocent girl, the virtuous spinster, the honest wife. It denies to them the credit for possessing a love for the unpolluted body and moral cleanliness that is, in so many cases, stronger than the fear of death.

This outrageous attack upon the character of woman, this scandalous implication that virtue in the wife is not due to her own sense of honor and of right-living, but is the result of the husband's desire for a legitimate heir, comes not from a negligible rhapsodist of the hustings, but from the apostle who is universally recognized as the "one supreme leader of world-Socialism".

I repeat, *if this great teacher and leader does not know where Socialists mean to march, who does?*

To prove that this "argument" is one of the Socialist mainstays, I will quote again, page 34:

"Wholly othwise stood matters for the men. Although *with an eye to the begetting of legitimate heirs for his property, he imposed upon women strict abstinence from other men*, he was, nevertheless, not inclined to lay a corresponding abstinence upon himself."

Did you ever read anything like that? Could any line of reasoning lead to a more ludicrous conclusion? If the determination to have legitimate heirs is the cause of the husband's jealousy concerning his wife's honor, why is it that men kill the paramours of their mistresses? Why do they slay even the mistress who is untrue? And why do women go distracted when their husbands are untrue? Why does the wife sometimes kill the mistress? Why does the mistress often do violence to the rival who wins her lover?

Like the entire dream of Socialism, Bebel's "argument" ignores the elemental facts of human nature.

In the Supreme Court Reports of Georgia there is a case, familiar to the lawyers—a case of murder wherein Alexander H. Stephens was leading counsel for the defense—in which there was a quarrel in a brothel (Augusta, Georgia), and one man said to another, "If you touch my woman, I'll kill you."

The homicide followed. The feeling displayed in that case is the same old desire for exclusive possession which crops out viciously in vile places and vulgar relations, just as it blossoms beautifully in sacred places and holy relations. A man wants his mate to be *his* only—as the tiger does, as the eagle does; and whether that mating is pure, as in wedlock, or impure, as in the case of lover and mistress, the same fierce jealousy exists.

The principle of private property *does* apply to the case, but in a way that knocks the Socialist off his feet. Instinctively and powerfully, every man wants *the woman that is for him alone*—and he wants private property, in the very same way. Instead of instituting marriage to preserve his private estate, and pass it on to his child, the man who first made good his claim to the woman of his choice, was perhaps the masterful barbarian who determined that his home should be *his private property*. He separated *his mate* from the tribe, and the same selfish instinct for exclusive possession and enjoyment put it into his head to have exclusive possession and enjoyment of *his selection of land*.

Proceeding with this precious “argument” of his, Herr Bebel says that the husband continued to give loose rein to his lusts, although he rigorously punished any misconduct of the wife. He says that this demand for venal woman was, in part, the origin of prostitution. Therefore, he argues that “capitalism” is responsible both for marriage slavery and the public woman.

Private property is responsible for prostitution, is it? The husband must needs have a wife to give him an heir, and then he must have the venal woman to satiate the sensuality of young males and married libertines! Astonishing “argument”.

There have always been, among all races, some girls who were born with unmoral characters and irresistible sexual desires. Here was material for the rakish boy, youth, or unmarried man. *And that's the way prostitution originated*. It was the result of the unbridled lust of both sexes. To argue that “capitalism” *established it*, as a necessary adjunct to lawful wedlock, is as transparent a piece of nonsense as ever I saw in a book.

Dr. William W. Sanger, of New York, was the author of a “History of Prostitution”. It is a great work, immensely valu-

able and interesting. Herr Bebel and Mr. De Leon ought to read it. They would then begin to realize how comically wrong they are about their facts, as well as their deductions.

After stating the historical truism that prostitution is coeval with the human race, Dr. Sanger attributes it to these causes:—the lust of unmarried men, the avarice or the passion of women, religious superstition, and ancient notions of hospitality.

(This last-named source of prostitution deserves more than a passing thought. Do you remember the frightful coolness with which Lot offered his daughters to the men of his town? Have you never shuddered when you read that terrible passage—terrible because, like the flash of lightning at night, *it revealed a world of darkness?* The matter-of-fact way in which Lot beseeches his neighbors to take his daughters and gratify their passions, naturally on these girls, instead of on his guests, unnaturally, proves a *general condition* among the children of Israel.)

To make out their case against “capitalism”, and to trace every evil of the times to *capitalism itself*, rather than to the abuses of power, the growth of special privilege, and the mania for money and pleasure,—the Socialists have to defy common sense and give to human beings unnatural traits—abnormally bad and ideally good.

With one breath, they exclaim that men are so selfish, sordid and calculating that they instituted our present marriage system to enslave wives and beget legitimate heirs. With the next, they exclaim that if we will just abolish both marriage and private property, humanity will be so regenerated that nobody will have any motive to do wrong. Crimes, vices, violence, fraud, envy, hatred and malice will disappear.

Human nature being as unchangeable as the laws that govern the universe, why wouldn't the same motives that led to our system of marriage and property lead to them again?

But there is another way to refute Socialists on this point—and it can't be dodged.

Prostitution (as well as the one-wife system) existed even among peoples who held their property in common. It existed long prior to the origin of private property. It outdates “capitalism” by centuries. Consequently, the prostitute was not the venal woman that the married man had to have an account of the double-standard of morals.

The double-standard of morals is, of course, wrong, but we

are rapidly improving in that respect. The married man who is known to "run after women", is looked down on by most of his wedded brethren. The average husband glories in the fact that he can say, "I honor my wife."

But the double-standard never had any connection with property. Men who have no estates and no need of heirs hold the same notions as men of wealth. They are equally as inconsistent in demanding loyalty, while not giving it. This selfish and unjust habit of man springs out of his primeval and universal feeling of superiority, and the belief that *his home, his family*, are not as seriously injured by his frequenting the house of ill-fame, as they would be if his wife did likewise.

Herr Bebel seems to ignore the fact that the double-standard applies to boys and girls, youths and maidens, bachelors and spinsters. There is a universal feeling that the gentler sex suffers infinitely more harm from indulgence of desire than the males do. Nobody but a Socialist ever thought of "property" in that connection.

(I think that society is too lenient with immoral men, and too hard on the fallen girl. I don't consider it just to consign her to the outer darkness from which she can never emerge. We should not close the door of hope against her. I would, if I could, change that very much; and would have the pure women and girls seek that erring sister, put their arms about her, and bring her back into the world of respectability. Her knowledge of the fact she won't be given another chance, seals her doom. It is an infernal shame that *we* have no forgiveness for the woman that *Christ* forgave. Cowardly pharisees that we are! We forgive all those whom we know to be guilty, so long as they don't get caught. We become implacable at the very point where the heart of Jesus melted. For shame! Will we never gladden the angels of heaven by bringing back into the fold the lost lamb that is found?)

But as another piece of evidence which conclusively shows that our monogamistic marriage-system did not originate prostitution, I call your attention to the fact that, *in polygamous countries there are more public women than are to be found in the one-wife countries*. The dancing-girls of the East are shameless strumpets; and the cheapness and abundance of the supply of purchasable Oriental women is too well known to require proof.

Take Japan as an example. The husband is allowed only

one wife, but may keep as many concubines as he pleases. Yet there is probably no country of the power, population and wealth of Japan where the phrynes are so pretty, so plentiful and so cheap. Those of Korea are even more dainty, and less expensive.

Now, does the married man, with his house full of concubines of his own selection, either cause or sustain that marvelous amount of prostitution in Japan, in Korea, in China? The depravity of these abandoned women, of countries where *married men are not even tempted to run the risks of venereal infection*, is said to be indescribable—something monstrous in its beastliness.

Did these husbands, who were allowed by law as many women as they lusted after, *establish prostitution to safeguard private property?*

Even the De Leons and the Bebels should be able to see the absurdity of their position.

Bad as plutocracy at one extreme, and poverty at the other, have been for the home in America, the truth still is, that the majority of marriages succeed. *It is the disrupted home which gets into the newspapers. If it were not the exception to the rule, it would create no sensation.* There are ten thousand happy homes in Georgia, but nothing is said about them in the newspapers; let some prominent man's home be blighted and the scandal travels like a storm-driven wind.

To a great majority of married couples the home is the heaven. They expect happiness nowhere else. The young husband will have his worries, and the young wife her trials; but while clouds occasionally spread over the face of the heavens, the sunlight is all the sweeter when the clouds have passed away. In most cases, I think, men are true to their wives; in nearly all cases, I am sure, wives are true to their husbands.

The tender old song of "John Anderson, My Jo" would never have been sung had not Robert Burns believed that the married life he described *was typical*. Nor would the world—the New as well as the Old—have given Burns' song the same kind of welcome as was given "Home, Sweet Home" *had it not touched the same universal chord*.

Herr Bebel's theory utterly fails to explain the origin of the depraved morals of the rich and powerful; the orthodox theory *does*. It is well-known that Society is as rotten at the top as at the bottom, and that the preservation of civilization depends upon the middle-class.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE character sketch of Her Bebel which was published in *McClure's Magazine*, the statement was made that the great Socialist leader is not an educated man, and that he has "no great library."

He has been a man of action, regular in his attendance upon the Reichstag, where his duties as leader of the Socialist group were of a nature to demand the greater portion of his time and thought. Consequently, when he made the studies for his work, "Woman Under Socialism," he probably had to "cram" at the public library—not the best way to get the real good out of books. If he carried the volumes home with him, he could only run over them hastily, in the intervals of his active parliamentary labors. In consequence of this unsatisfactory method of investigation, and because of the fact that he formed his theory first and then searched for evidence to sustain it, Herr Bebel's book is so structurally weak that it is child's play to tear it to pieces.

For example, he dutifully follows in the footsteps of Engels, a Jew, in the matter of drawing no distinction between the moral standards of the Celt-Teuton race, *and those of the Oriental yellow, brown and black peoples*. A mistake like that is fatal to any theory based upon it. Engels had maintained that our mothers of remote ages had lived in sexual promiscuity with the male members of the family: the famous German, Bebel, actually believes it. With the greatest coolness imaginable, he virtually contends that the chastity of the German woman was gradually brought about by "private property". Under the gens system, the whole family lived on the plane of swine, and the mother-right prevailed; whereas, private property, needing an heir, established the father-right and the marital relation, (monogamous) and began to compel the married women to live purely!

It is difficult to discuss with patience such arrant nonsense.

What is the epithet which has always been considered, among the Anglo-Saxon, Celt-Teutonic men, the intolerable of verbal insults? To be called, in anger, "*a son of a bitch*." But Socialism has so blinded Herr Bebel to elemental facts, that he deliberately adopts the view of the Hebrew, Engels, and placidly contends that we *are*, in fact, the descendants of "sons of

bitches". Great heavens! to what lengths will fanaticism carry men.

Herr Bebel finds that the Church, the State, and monogamous marriage are obstacles to Socialism,—as private property is,—and he, therefore, patiently and laboriously digs at the foundations of all three. Having scouted, as utterly unworthy of consideration, the Biblical story of Creation, he advances his battery, and contends that the Bible merely regards the woman as a "part of the man's property." He derives this monstrous conclusion from the fact that, in the ten commandments, men are forbidden to covet their neighbor's wives, servants, oxen, asses, etc. He claims that, inasmuch as the commandment mentions wives and cows in the same connection, God Almighty meant that wives were as much man's property as the herds were! Typical Socialist logic! How about unmarried daughters and sisters, the widow and the spinster? These do not come under the head of "wives", and therefore could not, even by Herr Bebel's way of reasoning, be argued into the heifer and donkey class.

What an abominable thing it is to see the Bible misrepresented in this way—a book in which we find so many instances of the tenderness and devotion of husbands and wives. Considered as property, classed with the brute beasts? The twelve-year-old child that does not know better, ought to be switched.

She who sang the Miriam song of victory,—did the Jews have no more regard for her than for the yearling grazing on the range? Was the daughter of Jephtha valued only as a chattel? Does the Bible refer to Ruth and Esther, Rachel and Sarah with no more respect than it does to she-asses? Is Mary, the mother of Christ, spoken of in the same way that the inspired writers mention hogs, sheep, goats? Did Jesus conduct Himself toward Martha and her sister as though He regarded them as mere brutes? Is Dorcas catalogued with the beasts of the field? It is horrible to find that such lies as Herr Bebel tells in this disgusting volume are greedily devoured by the enemies of religion and good government!

Says Herr Bebel (page 60):

"According to Christianity, woman is the unclean being; the seducer who introduced sin into the world and ruined man."

What passage of the Scriptures supports that assertion? So far as I can now recall, there's not to be found anywhere a single book, sacred or profane, which indicates that man ever

did look upon woman as his original seducer, the cause of sin's entrance into the world. I thought that, among all men, there had ever been universal contempt for that trait of Adam's character which prompted him to "lay it on" Eve, instead of shouldering his own guilt.

It is true that both Peter and Paul were very far from being friends of the Suffragettes—but Christianity did not, in that particular, follow the precepts of Peter and Paul, any more than it followed Paul's example in discouraging matrimony.

When the Christian church had so much respect for Mary, the mother of Christ, that reverence for her soon ripened into adoration; and when the usefulness of the Christian woman, in spreading the Gospel, became evident at so early a period as it did, what possible excuse can there be for saying that, "according to Christianity, woman was the unclean being?"

Herr Bebel's statement is as false as Lucifer himself. Christianity has everywhere been *the champion* of the woman. In its strength, her weakness has ever found a powerful defender and protector. Into her life, it has carried solace and inspiration. In Christ's own appreciation of the good woman, men were taught by divine example how to esteem her. In His tenderness to the Magdalen, was a mighty lesson that ought yet to be learned and put in practice. Instead of treating women better than the Bible would have us, we have not, by any means, reached Christ's standard.

It is not a mere coincidence that, under Christianity, the position of women is higher and better than under any other religion of the world. Even a rabid doctrinaire, blindly wedded to his theory, might have been expected to weigh such a tremendous fact, before publishing the astounding statement that, "according to Christianity, woman is the unclean being."

Bless my soul! I was under the impression that even Socialists knew, that wherever Christianity goes, it makes the men treat the women better. *IT IS UNIVERSALLY SO, EVERYWHERE.*

In Mohammedan countries, in Buddhist countries, among peoples who believe in Confucius, as well as among those who are mere idolaters and nothing more, Christianity has gone to the rescue of the woman, *ALWAYS*,—lifting her often from a plane of brutal slavery, up to that of helpmeet and companion to the man. Nowhere, and at no era, in all the

nineteen hundred and nine years since the dying Christ told His beloved John to be a son to His mother, has Christianity failed to be solicitous for the welfare of the woman.

It was Christianity that established Chivalry; protected the marital relation; frowned upon the lustful man who wanted to go, through the convenient door of divorce, to some other woman than the poor unhappy wife after she had, perhaps, worn away her physical attractiveness in the service of the husband she adored. Christianity encouraged the education of the woman, and gladly recognized her genius whenever she accomplished something notable in the fields of philanthropy, literature, science and art. It was Christianity that perfected the Caucasian Mother, to whose pious purity and gentle goodness,—sowing seeds in the hearts and minds of her children,—are largely attributable the characters of those noble souls who have irradiated the earth with their thrilling words, their splendid deeds!

Unclean? "According to Christianity", woman is "unclean"?

So foreign is this statement to the truth, that for centuries Christian men have not been prouder of any compliment than of being told that,—in tenderness, constancy, fortitude, courage under adversity, determination to live cleanly and to do good,—they resemble the loftier type of woman.

"Last at the Cross, and first at the Grave"!—is the immortal crown which Christian men place upon the brows of their fearless, unselfish and devoted sisters.

Why does the acknowledged high-priest of European Socialism find it necessary to make such a savage assault upon Christianity? It is because the Church believes in the State, in private property, and in monogamy. Christianity being an integral part of the existing order, which Socialism means to overthrow, religion must be assailed and the minds of the people inflamed against it.

On page 321, Herr Bebel frankly avows his disbelief in the existence of a God. He employs almost the same words that we used to hear from Robert Ingersoll,—

"It is not the gods that create men; it is the men who turn the gods into God."

Ingersoll had it this way,—

"An honest God is the noblest work of man."

But listen to the babble of Bebel,—

“The ruling class, finding itself threatened in its existence, clings to religion as a prop to all authority, just as every ruling class has done before.”

The reasoner who does not draw,—sharply, clearly,—the distinction between the Church and the Faith, is no thinker at all. By “Church”, is meant the organization, the corporation, the hierarchy! By “Faith”, is meant the principles, the creed, the religious belief itself. Episcopacies, hierarchies,—*the Church*,—have rarely fought for the liberties of the people. These religious corporations have very generally allied themselves to wealth and power, to class-rule and governmental oppression. But *religion* never sanctioned wrong, nor encouraged tyranny. *Christianity* never conspired with Dives to scourge away, into deeper wretchedness, the Lazarus that lay at the gate. Socialists, like many others, are too quick to blame Christianity for the arrogance and the greed and the insincerity of individuals, and of clerical corporations. Many a professed believer and regular church-going man, is a wolf in sheep’s clothing; but many a man who never holds a pew, has a deeply religious soul. It isn’t every Christian who kneels and talks when he prays; or who holds his communion with the Almighty, in a crowd at the Church.

In my own books, I have lashed the criminal methods of priesthoods and churches with such indignant severity, that some people have taken up the idea that I am an enemy to religion. So often and so bitterly have I attacked the hypocrisy and the general cussedness of “we Christians” that I have been cruelly misunderstood. My wrath is kindled, not at Christianity—heavens no!—but at the discredit, the odium, the degradation that we bring upon religion by *not living it*, as we should. We are brutal, where we ought to be kind; we are intolerant, where we ought to be indulgent: we knuckle too much to wealth: we are too intense, too unscrupulous in making money: we are too often moral cowards, who dare not speak and write and act according to the dictates of our own conscience. In a word, we don’t practise what we preach, nor *live* the Christianity that we are eternally talking about. That’s why I’ve ridiculed, exposed and denounced what “we Christians” do, or omit to do.

Let no young man believe for an instant that I have no profound spiritual feelings. I have. Otherwise, how could I have

held my rudder true, during such tempests as those which have beat upon my head? I care little or nothing for narrow dogma: with no man will I waste precious time splitting hairs about articles of faith: but, deep down within me, and all through me, is the belief that the great Father entrusted me with certain talents; and that, some day, I must go and tell Him how I've used them.

When I see the arrogance and pride of priests; when I think of the fearful consequence of clerical interference in matters of State; when I consider the deceit which so many professed Christians practise; when I find the biggest rascals running into churches, as malefactors in ancient times fled to the cities of refuge,—to escape the vengeance which was hot on their heels—I *do*, indeed, feel the divine rage of a Juvenal, or Savonarola! But assault religion itself? No! a thousand times, no! If ever, in any moment of madness, I am about to do it, may a bolt from on high strike me dead, before so foul a deed is done!

On page 320 of his book, Herr Bebel argues that "*RELIGION WILL GRADUALLY VANISH*". Says this deep thinker, this social seer,

"Religion is the transcendental reflection of the social conditions of given epochs. In the measure that human development advances and society is transformed, religion is transformed along with it."

Is that true? No, it isn't,—either as a definition or as historical fact. This chief priest of Socialism misses the meaning of religion, altogether. How can any one bring himself to believe that your spiritual life,—your relations to God, your resolute efforts to live according to the dictates of your divine instincts, and your obedience to what you conceive to be the will of your Maker,—is nothing more than a "reflection" of your social environment?

If religion were what Socialism claims it to be, the creeds would have been changeable in the past, just as Herr Bebel argues that they will be in the future. But what does History say about it? The overwhelming testimony is all to the same effect, viz.—that *in essentials no religion has ever changed*. Industrial conditions, political forms, legislative policies, social customs and styles, material and mental states, standards of living,—all these run from one mould to another, with the giddiness of dry leaves caught up in the whirlwind. Like the sand of some beaches, the shore-line is in a continual process

of being made and remade. Fashions, environments, mutuality of relations are one thing, this year, and another, the next. To the student who takes a comprehensive view, from the standpoint of lofty self-detachment, this old world of ours presents the appearance of the troubled, turbulent, changeable, fearsome sea.

But religion? It is a polar star. Its calm radiance is the same through the midnight of savagery, through the half-darkness of barbarism, in the early dawn of the semi-civilized, as in the blazing splendor of elaborate, complex civilization. The mighty monarchies of antiquity ran the whole gamut of social variation,—but not a creed changed countenance. China, Hindustan, Turkey, Europe have boxed the compass of industrial, political and social evolution;—but the stamp which Mahomet impressed upon Islamic religion is just as distinct, in its every outline, as on the day when he completed the Koran. A religion may be debased; superstition may defile its ceremonial, or paganism may stealthily crawl to bed with it—but never is it really changed. The mystic, from whose fastings, vigils, prayers and meditations came the exaltation and inspiration—or the delusion, if you will,—which produced the creed, was the spiritual Chief of his race, the soul of his people; and his work could not be bettered, by any man of *his* race.

Consider the religion of Christ;—it has known every possible difference of social environment, Oriental and Occidental, but it has ever been the same,—the same in its message, the same in its plan, the same in its letter and spirit—all the way from the fisherman's hovel in Judea, to Constantine's palace in Rome. True, there are antagonistic sects, and fierce differences concerning doctrines; clerical pride, and clerical greed for wealth and power, produce fiendish persecutions; cause torrents of blood to flow; but after all, the same Savior, the same moral standard, the same plan of salvation, the same essentials of dogma, characterize Christianity throughout the earth. Social conditions, transcendental or otherwise, haven't a blessed thing to do with it.

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Now, let me go back a little,—back to where the high priest of Socialism traces the origin of the State. Bear in mind that we are dealing with a German who followed a Jew, in tracing monogamous marriage, and the womanly virtue of the Celt-

Teutonic race, *to the establishment of private property!* Let us see how he accounts for the existence of the State. On page 272, he says,—

“With the rise of private property, antagonistic interests take shape within society; in the course of its development these antagonisms lead to rank and class contrasts, and these, in turn, grow into enmities between the several groups of interests, and finally into rank and class struggle, that threaten the existence of the new social order. In order to keep down these rank and class struggles, and to protect the property-holders, an organization is requisite that parries the assaults on property, and that pronounces ‘legal and sacred’ the property obtained under certain forms. *This organization and power, that guards and upholds property, is the State.* Through the enactment of laws it secures the owner in his ownership, and it steps as judge and avenger before him who assails the established order. By reason of its innermost being, the interest of a ruling property class, and of the Government therewith connected, is ever conservative. The organization of the State changes only when the interest of property so demand. The State is, accordingly, the *inevitably necessary* organization of a social order that rests upon class rule. The moment class antagonisms fall through the abolition of private property, the State loses both the *necessity* and the *possibility* for its existence. With the removal of the conditions for rulership, the State gradually ceases to be, the same as creeds wane when the belief ceases in supernatural beings, or in transcendental powers gifted with reason.”

Most people realize that the State does a good many things, besides protecting property. One of its great duties is to keep the peace between man and man, to protect the weak, to awe the criminally inclined; to regulate civil relations, to draw the line between personal liberty and personal license, to promote good morals, and to punish those who do wrong.

It is obviously ridiculous to say that capitalism invented the State, in order that property might be protected. Does not your mother-wit tell you that men came together in large groups, because of their gregarious nature, and their personal wants and fears? Man is, even now, but little more than a veneered savage, full of raging lust for violence and crime. Your enemy arouses your fury, and your very first impulse is to kill him. In the ancient days, when there was no law and no order, the barbarian obeyed his natural impulse. He attacked his enemy and slew him, or got slain. Terrible crimes, furious private wars, and sanguinary blood feuds marked those remote eras. (You see a survival of it in such feuds as that of the Hatfields and McCoys.)

Peace, progress and prosperity were made impossible by those conditions, and, gradually, large groups collected. To put an end to private wars; to conduct the public affairs of these groups; and to define the duty which each citizen owed

his fellow citizen, and to the group,—*chiefs and judges were chosen*. In this simple act, and from those self-evident motives, the State—very crude at first—came into existence. *The crude organization which evolved the modern State, ANTE-DATES PRIVATE PROPERTY.*

In Herr Bebel's own book (page 53, and those following) you will find him quoting Tacitus to the effect that, the Germanic peoples put the highest valuation upon feminine chastity, and practised monogamous marriage: also, *that the land was held in common*; also that the tribes had a rude, but effective, *form of government*. Yet this doctrinaire's mind is so thoroughly dominated by his one fixed idea, that *these immensely significant facts utterly fail to make the proper impression on him*. Fanatically determined to attribute every social ailment to his pet aversion, "capitalism", he reasons, in one chapter, that property-owners invented our marriage system and established the State for the purpose of perpetuating capitalism; and then he toddles right ahead and, in another chapter, furnishes the proof that Government, Marriage and high moral standards were in existence *when communism was still the law of the tribe!*

Such obtuseness is wonderful. It proves how dangerous it is to form your theory before you collect your facts. Of course, if Socialistic doctrinaires put on green spectacles, and then go out to view the scenery, everything will look green—including New York politics.

At the time when the Romans came in contact with the Germanic peoples, and studied their form of monogamous marriage, their crude system of administering justice and governing the tribe, *there was no such thing as capitalism to be found among them*,—unless the ownership of a cow and a hog constitutes capitalism. Even a Socialist might hesitate to invite the derisive laugh, by contending that *the State and monogamous marriage* were created in order that the family cow and pig might receive distinguished consideration and protection. Unless Herr Bebel does claim that the Germanic tribes established their systems of marriage and of Government for the purpose of protecting the ownership of cows and hogs, *those facts which he himself cites play havoc with his entire argument in favor of free Love, Atheism and Communism.*

Herr Bebel says, on page 319,—

"Along with the State, die out its representatives"—from cabinet ministers down to the policemen and the constables. There will be no laws, no prisons, no judges and juries, and no criminals. This amazing man, Bebel, is so monomaniacal on the subject of private property that he claims it to be the source of all crime! Having argued that private property is the parent of both marital loyalty and public prostitution, he has the nerve to contend that the same tree bears the fruit which makes the prison necessary. Here is a man setting himself up as the herald of a new order, an evangel of a loftier creed than that of Jesus Christ!—and this renowned man seriously contends that "private property" produced the criminal! At least, his argument amounts to that, for it is evident that, to accuse private property of responsibility for crime, and to argue that crime and the prison will disappear along with private property, *is tantamount to saying that crime originated in private property.*

And yet we are told, in the Bible, that the first man born of woman killed the second, because of jealousy about a religious rite.

Do not the very children around the fireside know that crimes are common among human beings everywhere, and have always been, irrespective of how property was held?

Socialism, by giving everything to everybody, would perhaps put an end to some infractions of the rules of right. It is possibly conceivable that thefts would not be committed, and that arson and robbery would cease. But who can dogmatize on such an uncertainty, and say that every man, under Socialism, would be content with his "share"? Who can know that evil inclinations and vindictive passions would be cast out of the human heart, by the collective ownership of property?

Would not rivals contend for the hand of the same maiden, and fight about her, as they have always done? Would not the seducer survive the abolition of private property? How could Socialism remove the temptation from the adulterer? Husbands would not be willing to resign their mates to the embraces of other men, under Socialism,—would they? What becomes of the quarrelsome and pugnacious men, under Socialism? The personal insult which leads to homicide seldom has any reference to property. Overbearing dispositions, uncontrolled desires and passions, cause most of crimes; and these can not be eradicated by any change of the social or-

ganism. They are inherent in our nature. The human tiger, bull, wolf, serpent, hog and hyena and bird of prey, will persist as they have done, during all the centuries whose records have reached us. When the high priest of Socialism contends that a mere change in the method of holding property, *will make a white woman secure from the lusts of the negro*, we Americans know that he does not understand what he is talking about. *He is dreaming, not reasoning; he is star-gazing, not thinking.*

To say that Socialism, or any other "ism," will wipe out race hatreds, national jealousies, and abolish the soldier and the prison, is mere drivel. Normal men are born fighters; the very girls on the schoolground despise the lad who won't peel his coat and wade in, when the other boy is imposing on him. What has "private property" got to do with traits that are elemental, and as old as the human race? I am as much opposed to militarism as any man that ever lived, but have never had any illusions on the subject of disarmament and universal, perpetual peace. The nations have carried the thing too far: the armies and navies are several times bigger than they ought to be; but it is just as unreasonable to expect the nations to disband all the troops, beach the warships and dismantle the forts, *as it would be to expect you to quit keeping a pistol or a gun in your house, for self-protection.*

The two cases are, in principle, exactly alike. The bad man, the lawless man, the man who hates you and will hurt you if he can get the drop on you,—you know him, don't you? *He is here; always has been here; always will be here.*

Life's a battle and a march,—with individuals and with nations. Dream of universal, perpetual peace, if you will: the dream is beautiful, but it will never come true. And while war marks the downfall of empires, it is likewise true that *humanity has to fight*, as it moves upward. The foot-tracks of modern Progress are full of blood—they are the battlefields, where the soldier gave his life that Liberty might live.

* * * * *

Herr Bebel takes the position that the restraint of sexual desire, at maturity, is very injurious to health,—especially to the health of the woman. The apostle of Socialism quotes approvingly "from a book published in Leipsic", the following delicious morsel,—

"The sexual impulse is neither moral nor immoral; it is merely natural, like hunger and thirst. Nature knows nothing of morals."

This might apply to the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea: it certainly does not apply to human beings. There is no shame, among the cattle of the pasture, at nature's performance of any of her offices: no such thing as modesty mingles with the instincts of the brute: but it is our inborn shrinking from publicity, in doing the same things, wholly due to parental training and to custom? As the intelligence of the child developed, would it not feel the sense of shame which seeks seclusion, when nature makes compulsory the acts which among the brutes are not even noticed among themselves? I can not believe that so universal and so powerful a feeling as modesty, is due entirely to early training. No parent could, by mere teaching, *create* a reserve so intense that some women, and some men, will endure agonies of physical torture rather than have their persons exposed. I don't believe that there ever could have been a state of society when human beings had no conception of morals, no sense of decency, no capacity for shame. I just *can't* believe that our whole race was ever on a level with hogs and dogs, goats and cows.

But, after all, here is the point: What does Herr Bebel introduce that vile quotation for? *HOW IS IT ESSENTIAL TO AN ELABORATE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF SOCIALISM?*

Evidently, the purpose is to carry to his readers the conviction that our notions about morality are unnatural, and, therefore, injurious. "Nature knows nothing of morals",—and the inference is that good morals are solely the result of hurtful convention.

Suppose we admit, for the sake of the argument, that morals are the result of convention,—does it follow that they are hurtful? Would the human race be improved by the obliteration of the difference between modesty and indecency, chastity and lewdness, sobriety and drunkenness, marital continence and licentiousness? Does even a Socialist deny that the abandonment of accepted moral standards would mean the dissolution of Society, and the degeneracy of the human species?

No morals in nature? Then where did our ideas on the

* You will find similar statements in the *International Socialist Review*, published in Chicago, and in the Socialist papers of New York.

subject originate? We come by the instinctive inclination to privacy, and the instinctive preference for the unpolluted body, in the same way that we get our belief that it is base to lie and steal, wrong to murder or rape, immoral to fornicate or to commit adultery. Consequently, there must be some natural feeling on the subject. As a convincing example, take the act of child-bearing. What race of women that ever lived was so brutally immodest, that the individual who was about to become a mother did not shun publicity? Among the most degraded Indians, the squaw seeks privacy. So, also, among the lowest of all races, the native Australians. Never has any branch of the human family been discovered that had no moral standards—never. Therefore, the facts force us to the conclusion that nature, so far as man is concerned, *does* dictate to us in the matter of morals.

How will Socialism emancipate Woman,—the “slave” of the industrial and marital system?

On page 243, of “Woman Under Socialism”, we find the glorious plan of salvation for our poor, down-trodden wives and daughters. Herr Bebel says,—

“The satisfaction of the sexual instinct is as much a private concern as the satisfaction of any other natural instinct.” [The sentence is put in Italics by the translator to emphasize the great truth.] *“No one is therefore accountable to others, and no unsolicited judge may interfere. How I shall eat, how I shall drink, how I shall sleep, how I shall clothe myself, is my private affair—exactly so my intercourse with a person of the opposite sex.”*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Did you ever know such a thing to be put in a book? According to that, if Herr Bebel chooses to go about the streets, of a summer’s day, in his shirt-tail, it is nobody’s business but his! By the same token, a man may discard his clothing altogether,—as some religious fanatics actually do. How I shall eat and sleep is my own affair,—says the high prest of Socialism,—and the gratification of the sexual appetite is equally a private concern. “No unsolicited judge may interfere.” No brother, father, or son may object. No official shall punish. There shall be “no unsolicited judge.” (I wonder what he means by “unsolicited”. Would the ruttish couple solicit a judge to interfere?)

Herr Bebel (page 344) asserts that bashfulness and secrecy, in these sexual indulgencies, will disappear under Socialism. He says that after two persons have “married” in the easy, off-

hand fashion already indicated, they must have "untrammelled freedom" in dissolving the informal union. The moment they become dissatisfied, off goes the yoke. He calls this free mating, unmating, and remating, *the emancipation of woman*. Guileless dreamers! Their plan would give unlimited opportunity to the bestial lusts of man, and he would rove from flower to flower, with the freedom of the butterfly, and the insatiable appetite for *another* and *another*, which notoriously marks the libertine. Socialism, with its "untrammelled" dissolution of the nuptial tie, would entail swift, hopeless, loathsome, universal degradation upon our women. It is all that we can do, to give them partial protection, *now*. The obscene book and picture, the demon-like procuress ever on the prowl, the devilish dealers in the flesh of women, the whorish man and the vulgar boy, the inconstant and cruel husband,—these are some of the foes of our sisters: and it is in vain that we exert our whole strength to save all of them from the bottomless pit. Their own blindness is one of the greatest obstacles that we encounter, in our struggles to save them.

But Socialism says, "Take away all restraint. Let every man who desires, and every woman who is willing, mate when they feel like it, and part when they are 'dissatisfied'. Gratify your lusts, as you do your hunger and thirst. It's nobody's business but yours! Eat, drink and sexually unite: tomorrow you die!"

God Almighty! What chance for salvation would any woman have, under such conditions? Paganism and savagery, at their lowest ebb, sunk no lower than that.

Herr Bebel says that the sexual appetite must, "at maturity," be gratified, or our health will suffer. What does he mean by, "at maturity"? As there will be no laws and no courts, under Socialism, and no crimes, and no magistrates, and no way to punish anybody for doing anything,—how will they prevent young people from gratifying the sexual appetite, upon arrival at the age of desire? As there is to be no State and no penal statutes, and no officers of the law, will not boys and girls be left to decide for themselves when they are "at maturity"? As no "unsolicited judge may interfere", who is to prevent the boy and girl from "marrying", as soon as each feels so inclined? Evidently, if no one has the right to interfere, indiscriminate and unlimited sexual license is to prevail.

Boys get hungry and eat; girls get thirsty and drink: if

the sexual appetite is to be satisfied in the same way that we eat, when hungry, and drink, when dry; if the act is nobody's business but that of the two people engaged in it; if it is a private affair with which no "unsolicited judge may interfere",—won't pandemonium reign supreme? Such bestial orgies as would be the natural, inevitable, ruinous consequences of the adoption of such a doctrine, are too hideous to contemplate. Like a sheet of flame from hell, Socialism would devour the Home, and all that is purest and best in Christian civilization,—reducing all women to the same level of sexual depravity; for, where such a doctrine as Socialism holds is put in practice, wantonness would be the fashion, and the chaste would feel ridiculous. Where no law or fear of punishment deterred the "masher", the "masher" would be in the majority, and would pursue with lascivious assiduities, every girl or woman who kindled the lusts of his brutish soul. Wouldn't that be a lovely change to make—*especially in a country where we have twelve millions of negroes?*

It is a most evil doctrine to teach,—that of unlimited sexual indulgence. To eat makes one strong, to sleep restores vigor, to drink the right fluids in the right quantity, contributes to keep one robust: *but it is just the other way with the indulgence of the carnal desire.* Save in the legitimate relation of the sexes, the surrender to voluptuousness does enormous injury, saps physical and mental strength, for it is well-known that libertines are never temperate. The continent Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Henry, and Jackson each lived to a ripe age, in spite of the tremendous strain they had put upon vital powers. But Mirabeau and Skobelev were rakes; and their systems were burned out, at the very time when they should have been in the maturity of manly vigor. The great Russian general had a splendid physique and constitution, but *sexual excesses destroyed him at the age of thirty-nine.* The wonderful French orator was a physical giant, *but his passions consumed him at forty-two.* Yielding to his animal lusts, Marc Antony lost his ruthless energy and ability as a soldier: the weak Octavius easily wrested from his colleague's enfeebled hands the scepter of the East. Hercules at the distaff of a harlot, and Samson shorn of his strength by a Delilah, are examples which teach by allegory, what all the world has thought about this thing,—*until the Socialists came along and told us that we must close our eyes to facts.*

In Rousseau's "Confessions", he states that he seldom followed his animal inclination in that direction, because he found that to do so lessened the vigor of his mental action. But doesn't everybody know that? The herculean Danton lost because of his excessive attention to his young and beautiful bride. The voluptuary allowed smaller men to pull him down—almost without a fight. It was the same with Nero, who, before he abandoned himself to bestiality, had given the Roman Empire five years of splendid rule. Byron was burnt out at thirty-six. Peter the Great, a magnificent specimen of physical perfection, who ought to have reached the age of eighty-five or ninety, died of excess at fifty-one. Had Marshal Saxe been as continent as Marlborough, his triumphs and fame might have been as transcendent. Had the Duke of Vendome not wallowed in sensualities which can not be described, his triumphs and his renown would perhaps have surpassed those of Turenne. Cæsar accomplished nothing until he ceased to sow his "wild oats"; and the shameful, premature death of Alexander the Great was due as much to the woman as to the wine. Hannibal was extremely temperate in all pleasures of the senses; and so was Napoleon, until after he discarded the wife of his youth, and took that Austrian strumpet, instead. Then he became licentious and fat,—*and went to his Waterloo.*

Even among the American Indians and the African negroes, the hunter and warrior abstained from women, during a certain period, before starting upon an expedition which required all his mental and physical powers. You will find it intimated in the books that the famous General Lannes might not have died of his wounds, had he not sexually exhausted himself, the night before, in Vienna.

So rapid is the consumption of vitality, in the indulgence of this "natural appetite", that public women perish in a frightfully short time. They last from five to fourteen years.

Who are the stalwart leaders of the world today,—leaders of thought and achievement? Are they the debilitated rouses, or the dissipated young patrons of prostitutes? Not a bit of it. The giants who are battling with wrong, scaling the mental heights, remaking the earth as doers, electrifying nations as talkers,—are those wiser men *who have conserved their strength and splendid manhood, by restraining sexual passions.* It is damnable to tell our young men and young women that they will injure their health by living clean lives! It is shameful

that any cult should hold that it is as good for the brain, the soul and the body to yield to carnal promptings, as it is to satisfy hunger and thirst.

The same Capua, which wilted the rugged strength of Hannibal's army can be found by every individual, male and female; and it will do for the individual what it did for the army which had been so invincible that Rome was shaken to her foundations.

Catherine de Medici, one of the worst of women, was one of the ablest: she held the reins of power by enfeebling her sons. How did she manage it? She set fascinating and lascivious young ladies upon them. Her court beauties, her "Light Brigade", constituted a part of her statecraft. She came very near enervating Henry of Navarre, in the same manner: the gallant Henry realized his peril, and fled the harem.

When the coldly-treacherous Metternich desired to render it impossible for Napoleon's son to be "a chip off the old block", what did the crafty old devil do? *Plied the boy with lewd women.* The youth did not know what Metternich so well knew,—that the indulgence of that "natural appetite", when young, undermines the foundations on which the superb strength of glorious manhood is meant to be reared.

In all my readings and researches, never have I come upon the slightest evidence that Napoleon had ever touched a woman until he, at the age of twenty-six, married Josephine. His vital force was concentrated in the making of bone and sinew and brain, and hence the leopard-like celerity of his spring, the lion-like strength with which he could hold what he had clutched. In mind and body, the man was adamant. But his son, poor lad! was seduced, *sunk into a sensuality that withered him like fire*, and was dead at twenty-one.

Many a girl, nowadays, glides unsuspectingly into the arms of a husband who is already a wreck of a man. She discovers it soon enough, but it is too late. Each of these unhappy wives could mournfully ask of her mate, "What did you do with your manhood?" And the poor wretch, if he spoke the truth, would have to answer, "I was a fool. I laid my head in Delilah's lap; and this is what she did for me. My strength is gone. Never more to me will come the leap of purpose, the rush of energy, when Duty sounds her clarion call. Never shall I do what I dreamed of doing; never shall I lead the way in the effort to

accomplish something good and great,—with valiant, eager thousands confidently following the lead of my white plume!”

Licentious young man! Listen to me! Put on the brakes! Stop the train! If you don't shackle those passions of yours, and keep them in chains, you are headed for a wreck!

To eat, *puts virility into you*—to do what Socialism diabolically urges, *takes it out*. Be pure, in thought and word and deed,—unless you want to pay the penalty for which nature, *inevitably*, demands payment.

* * * * *

So then, the existing order,—social, political, industrial and religious—is to pass away. In the new dispensation, under Socialism, the restraints yield to indulgence, the strong hand of the law is relaxed, *the State perishes and religion dies*. No police in the cities, no constabulary in the country, no courthouses, no jails, nobody empowered to punish anybody, no crimes, “each man chooses his own work”, each couple come together in sexual gratification just as they go to the dinner-table when the bell rings; no secrecy, no shame, no self-denial; each couple to uncouple, when either of the two becomes “dissatisfied”; the Digger Indian, Cantonese Chinaman, Hindoo ryot, Egyptian fellah, American bum, and bestial negro, *to be the equal in every way of the proud, masterful, progressive Aryan*.

Wouldn't “Society” be in a pretty mess, with no laws, courts, penalties and prisons to threaten the type of human beast that organizes the white slave traffic; that type of woman who does the slaver's dirty work; that type of man whose chief delight it is to pollute some dainty, virtuous girl, or degrade some beautiful wife; *that man who just won't work, and is strong enough to rob the weaker men who do*; those men who have inordinate greed for power and precedence? With no fear of punishment to check him, where would be the limit to the depredations of that large class who, according to Lombroso, have diseased, vicious brains, and are therefore cursed with uncontrollable impulses toward crime? The drunkard, the libertine, the ravisher, the drug-fiend, the overbearing, quarrelsome and combative; the envious, jealous and malicious; the strong and brutal who find savage pleasure in imposing on, mistreating and beating others,—*Socialism would have absolutely no machinery enabling it to deal with these classes*.

Even were some nation to go mad, and adopt Socialism as

an experiment, the consequences would be so frightfully different from the dreams of these ideologists, that communism would have to be abolished again, just as every progressive race abandoned it ages ago.

CHAPTER IV.

SUPPOSE that you should find a lot of men and women, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, operating dredges, and carefully analyzing every dipperful of water and mud which was lifted by the long arms of the dredge. Suppose that you should ask these people what they were trying to do, and that they should answer,—“We are studying the complexities of this mighty stream. We are attempting to account for its present condition. While it performs a prodigious service to mankind, we can’t account for all this impurity, this mud in solution, this debris which it brings down in its resistless floods. We are investigating the facts, to learn the cause of the present pollution of the stream. We have now about completed our examination, and we propose to erect the necessary filtration works, *right here*, at the mouth of the stream, to purify it.”

What would be your natural reply to that sort of talk? Would you not feel like saying to those impractical people,—

“You can never understand the Mississippi by studying its mouth, or lower reaches. You must journey a thousand miles toward its source. You must gaze upon Nicollett’s Creek and Lake Itasca. You must follow the rivulet to where other rivulets flow into it. You must watch its gradual enlargement by tributary streams. You must hurry along until the torrential Missouri empties into the unsullied Mississippi its river of mud. Then, indeed, it is ‘Farewell!’ to purity, but *the power is enormously increased*. Tracing the Father of Waters from its fountain head, you will learn, easily enough, how it becomes so great and complex and foul.” *We* need no labored analysis at its mouth: we realize the folly of proposing a purification *there*: we profoundly perceive that if those turbid and turbulent waters are ever to be made clean, there must be *a removal of the causes* which defiled the sylvan tide which issued from the Minnesota woods.

* * * * *

After having wearily worked my way through the two bulky and tedious volumes of Karl Marx, my first thought was, "Here's a man dredging the mouth of the Mississippi of Society, endeavoring to analyze each dipperful of mud, his purpose being to account for the pollution of the stream, in order that he may suggest a method of purifying the stream, *at its mouth.*"

And, of course, I am impressed by the pathos and the futility of labor wasted in such work. I feel like saying to men of this kind, "You would save yourselves a vast deal of toil, if you would go up to the beginnings of things, trace the evolution of the system in which we live, and thus see with your own eyes how abuses crept in and sullied it." One ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory; but the Socialists are so enamored of theory that historical actualities, in conflict with their visionary creed, are ignored, or denied or contemned.

The edition of Marx's "Capital" which I will proceed to review is a translation from the third German edition, edited by Frederick Engels. The two volumes contain more than 1,400 pages of text. The title given to the work suggests a thorough study and an elaborate exposition of, *Money in its relation to mankind*. But it is nothing of the sort. And why? Because a thorough study of Money, and a full revelation of how it can be used to rob and oppress the producers of wealth, would account for the greater part of those inequalities of fortune which supply Socialism with its "thunder".

Your Socialist propagandist is the most voluble of men—but you can't bait him into talking about the nature, the functions, and the sinister powers of Money.

Spending years of his life in studying the causes of Poverty, Karl Marx, a Hebrew, elaborated in favor of the single gold standard, an argument that the Rothschilds and the Belmonts might have heartily approved. Earnestly and honestly probing into the body politic, to ascertain why there was such a fearfully unjust distribution of wealth, *this Moses of Socialism commits himself to the very thing that has starved millions of industrious men, driven to vice and crime hordes of the unemployed, filled the Potter's Fields with the graves of tens of thousands of despairing suicides.* Marx favors the damnable doctrine that gold is the only natural and proper standard of value—thereby indorsing the dear-dollar principle which chains the European and American world to its money-kings.

What reliance can you place upon a voluminous book on "Capital", when its author is either afraid of the Money Question, or ignorant of the way in which financial systems can be manipulated to methodically plunder the producers? Suppose that it can be demonstrated to your satisfaction that every ill which now afflicts Society has its origin in governmental abuses, and individual depravity—would you care a fig for Marx's book? There can not be *two* true sources of our troubles: there can not be *two* conflicting diagnoses of our world-disease. If I can prove to you that all of our social unrest and misery flows from the sources mentioned, your good sense teaches you that Marx must be wrong, if he alleges that the unrest and the wretchedness had an origin wholly different. In other words, if I can prove that the sick man is suffering *solely from poison that has been stealthily injected into his veins*, Marx can not possibly maintain the proposition that the invalid is the victim of organic derangement.

Furthermore, if I can convince you that Marx's labored argument against the existing system *is reared upon a false conception of Value*, your interest in the remainder of his train of reasoning will be merely academic. *If you can be shown that the house is built on sand, you will not be tempted to invest in the property.*

Thus we have two modes of overthrowing "Capital", the Bible of Socialism.

(1) By demonstrating that every one of the terrible conditions which Marx seeks to relieve by establishing a new order of Society, grew out of the abuses of power and privilege, and not out of our system itself.

(2) By showing that Marx's elaborate superstructure of reasoning is based upon a false foundation.

Let us take up this second point first.

Many a philosopher has puzzled over the problems of Price and Value. What is the true meaning and origin of the latter? What fixes the former? Whole libraries have been written on these subjects, and upon Money.

Karl Marx missed, entirely, the true nature and constituent elements of "Value".

On page 45, he says, "A use-value, or useful article, therefore, has value only because human labor in the abstract has been embodied or materialized in it." (P. 46.) "We see then that that which determines the magnitude of the value of any

article is the amount of labor socially necessary, or the labor-time socially necessary for its production. Commodities, therefore, in which equal quantities of labor are embodied, or which can be produced in the same time, have the same value. As values, all commodities are only definite masses of congealed labor-time."

In the "Manifesto of the Communist Party", published by Marx and Engels, in 1848, the first article is,

"The exchange value of commodities depends upon the amount of socially necessary labor-time required to produce them."

This fundamental error is not even Marx's own idea. He borrowed it from Ricardo, another Israelite.

However favorably you may feel at first inclined to look upon this theory of value, you will reject it, after you have tested it by the unerring method of applying it to facts which come within your own knowledge.

Leaving out of the discussion misdirected or unnecessary labor, and taking into consideration none other than the labor which is well applied and socially necessary—what do we find the truth to be? That the Marxian theory won't hold water.

The same labor-time produces a certain amount of corn, or a certain amount of potatoes, or a certain amount of cotton: the same land, worked by the same men, for the same length of time, will produce a crop of cereals, or of peas, or of cotton, or of vetches. Will the value of the different yields be the same? You know that they will not. In the South, we would much prefer to put the whole farm in small grain, or Indian corn, than in cotton. We would be more independent of the negro. We could do all of the work with machinery. But we put as much of the farm as we can in the more valuable product—cotton. Devote to corn just as much land and just as much labor, as are given to cotton, and the result will be a much less valuable harvest.

Take two cotton plantations, one of them level, free of stumps, very fertile and easy to work: the other is rolling, rocky, stumpy, and thin. On the first, the yield, acre for acre, is three times as much as on the other, although the labor may be nearly the same. In fact, less labor is required on the better farm. Will the man who had to work so hard on the poorer farm get any more for his cotton, *on that account*? Certainly not. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value?

Take the irrigated farm, where the soil gets as much moisture as the crops need, and no more. Compare this to the farm which has to depend upon natural rainfall. There is hardly ever a year when the crops on this land do not suffer from too much or not enough rain. A greater amount of labor is required on this than on the irrigated farm. The crops on the latter will average eight times more than those on the rain-watered farm. But does the owner of the rain-watered farm get any more for his product than is paid to his more fortunate rival? No. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value? If the Marxian idea were correct, the irrigated farm would not be what it now is—the *menace of the rain-watered farm*.

On the immense farms of the Northwest, where the land is level and rich, labor-saving machinery enables the farmer to grow wheat at less than half the expense of growing it in the Southern States: but the value is not affected by the difference in labor-cost.

As a matter of fact, the labor-time and cost, in the making of a bale of cotton, varies from State to State, and farm to farm. In Texas, the amount and cost of work required to produce cotton is different from what it is in Georgia. In Georgia, it is different from what it is in Alabama. And so it is with the different farms. On no two plantations will the labor-time and cost be equal. In the very nature of things, it is humanly impossible to establish an equality of labor-cost in the production of corn, wheat, hay, fruit, melons and cotton, on the thousands of separately owned and separately managed farms.

The same truth applies to manufacturing. The labor-cost of producing cloth at the Thomson factory is different from the labor-cost of Augusta-made cloth. In Augusta, the labor-time and expense is different from those of the Peedee mills—and these, in turn, are not equal to the labor-cost in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Yet all middling cotton is quoted at the same price, with a total disregard of the labor-time "congealed" in the bale. So it is with wheat, corn, hay, fruit and manufacured fabrics. The prices do not vary as the labor-time varies.

Consequently, the Socialist theory of value can not be the right one.

Again, everybody knows that when money is plentiful, prices go up; and that when currency is contracted, prices go down. The scarcer money is, the harder it is to get it: that is,

you have to give more of your labor or your property in exchange for the dollars. Is that true, or not? It is true, and you know it. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value?

If Ricardo and Marx were correct in their analysis of Value, the expansion and the contraction of the currency would not so automatically upset prices. Double the circulating medium, and prices immediately double; (all other things being equal,) but destroy the money and prices immediately drop fifty per cent. *The history of the world presents no exception to the rule that values go up or down as the volume of lawful currency enlarges or shrinks.* "Congealed labor-time" has nothing whatever to do with it.

Does the value of gold, silver and diamonds bear any relation to the labor-cost? None. The lucky man who finds a nugget, and the less fortunate miner who digs and delves a year to accumulate a quantity equal to the nugget, are paid the same price.

One coal mine may yield up its treasures at less than half the cost of operating another; but the coal of both mines has the same value in the market.

The labor-cost of yarns and woollens, boots and shoes, laces and embroideries vary according to location of the industry, but the prices do not, on that account, vary.

Again, consider ladies' hats and gowns. One year the hat will cost, say \$25.00; and the gown, say \$50.00. But suppose the fashions change and a new style comes in, what can the milliner get for the left-over hats and gowns of last season? Practically nothing. Yet the amount of labor "congealed" in the article underwent no change.

Take another example equally familiar. A merchant lays in a big stock of goods—clothing for men and women, girls and boys; also rugs, carpets, crockery-ware, etc. When the stock is first displayed, spring or fall, there is a rush to buy; and prices are away up yonder. Along toward the shank of the season, the merchant dumps the remainder of the goods on the market, at a fifty per cent. reduction. The "congealed" labor had not been diminished, but the value has.

In the city, say New York, a silk stove-pipe hat, and a claw-hammer coat are indispensable to those who move in "good society". Consequently those articles are very valuable and command stiff prices. But what would such a hat and coat

be worth in a Michigan logging-camp, or on a Texas cattle ranch? Considerably less than nothing. When I go to New York, I rig out as the Romans do; but you couldn't get me to walk the streets of Thomson diked in a claw-hammer and a silk beaver. No, Sir! The dogs would go to barking, and the children would all come running to see the show. This simple illustration reveals the fallacy of Karl Marx's theory of value. Inasmuch as the same amount of labor is "congealed" in the articles, whether they be in Michigan, Texas, Thomson, or New York, the price ought to be the same at each place—but it isn't.

Take another homely example: we will compare two saw-mills, engaged in cutting lumber. One of the mills is an up-to-date plant, with powerful engine, a lightning saw that splits off plank after plank with a "zip, zip, zip", almost as fast as you can snap your fingers. The logs come to the "yard" on a tramway car; they roll onto the carriage at the rate of one for every couple of minutes; the slabs and the sawdust are automatically carried away. Here the labor-cost of producing lumber is reduced to a minimum.

The other mill is one of these portable fellows. The engine is small, for it has to be moved occasionally, from one body of timber to another. The logs come to the yard on the old-fashioned carry-log, drawn by mules, or steers. When the log has been laboriously hooked on to the carriage, and fastened in its place, the little saw tackles it. Perhaps after going three or four feet, the saw will be about to give up and stop. The watchful man who is solemnly acting as "sawyer" will back the log off, so as to give the saw a breathing spell. For a minute or so, you will hear the peculiar noise it makes in running rapidly between the sawed strip and the log. Then when the sawyer judges that he can try it again, he sends the carriage forward, and the plucky little saw whangs away once more at the log. I have seen that process repeated several times on one plank. The slabs have to be handled by the men, and the sawdust is trundled off in a wheelbarrow. A log which the big mill will split up in a few minutes, will occupy this small plant an hour.

Will the output of the one mill sell for more than that of the other? Does the value of the lumber vary with the labor-cost? You know that it does not. Then, the Socialist theory isn't worth a hill of beans; and the argument built upon so false a foundation is utterly worthless.

You can readily name hundreds of articles whose value have no sort of connection with the labor-time employed in their production. Webster's Unabridged cost vastly more in labor than one of the original copies of Poe's "Tamerlane"; yet the dictionary can be had at prices ranging from two to twelve dollars, while the "Tamerlane" sells at auction for \$2,300. The labor-cost of a common two-cent stamp is the same as that expended on one of the rarities which command hundreds of dollars. How could the Ricardo-Marx theory explain such things? Why do rare coins fetch such fancy prices? Not because of labor-cost, evidently.

Think of the enormous amount of labor expended upon the Egyptian Sphinx! Yet it is not worth a bushel of wheat. Buckle, in the "History of Civilization" says that 350,000 men worked for twenty years on the great Pyramid of Egypt. But it had so little value that one of the Khedives stripped off its polished casings to get materials for a commonplace palace.

Southey labored like a slave on great epics which nobody will buy, or read: they have no value. But he threw off a few short poems that everybody buys and reads. How does the Socialist theory explain it?

Put two experts to work making violins. They will labor precisely the same number of hours, and will produce two fiddles which, to the eye, seem to be exactly alike. But when they are tried, one of them may be entirely different in tone from the other, and will consequently command a very different price. It is a fact well known to violinists that those fiddles upon which the greatest amount of labor has been expended, and which are marked up to fancy figures, may be less valuable than some cheap instrument that was sold for a trifle. In other words, the labor-time cuts no ice at all in the value of violins. (It is often so with razors, pistols and guns.)

Why is it that a Stradivarius has more value than a car-load of modern fiddles? The Ricardo-Marx-Engels theory does not offer any explanation. Why is it that a Titian or a Raphael is more valuable than a roomful of modern paintings, whose labor-cost may have excelled that of the old Masters? The Socialist idea of value fails to explain.

Two literary men toil away, producing two books, the same amount of labor being devoted to each. One of these volumes sells like hot cakes, and makes the author rich: the other does not sell at all. Yet Marx contended that, where the labor-cost was the same, the values would be equal.

How does the Ricardo-Marx theory of value clear up *the mystery of fluctuating prices*? How could it explain why cotton sold for seven cents two years ago, when it commands double that price now? (December, 1909.) Who can take the Socialist theory of value and tell us why prices shrank in 1907, in 1893, in 1873, and during that fearful era, after the close of the Civil War, when the Government was destroying more than a thousand million dollars of the people's money? In fact, Marx himself saw that his theory was inconsistent with those financial convulsions known as "panics", and he was forced into the absurdity of attributing them to—guess what! *To overproduction!*

As if the veriest tyro in economics did not know that there never has been, and never can be, such a thing as overproduction of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life!

The same article may have one value today, and another, next year. Styles and tastes change, and prices change with them.

In Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" we are told that gold was so plentiful among the Spanish conquerors that a quire of paper sold for \$10.00 of our money; a pair of shoes \$40.00; a bottle of wine \$60.00; a sword \$50.00; a cloak \$100.00; and a horse \$2,500.00.

A theory of value which does not fit all commodities, all times and all places, is obviously unsound. Have I not convinced you that the Karl Marx theory is totally lacking in those qualities? If so, this boasted work, "Capital", is fit only for the trash-pile, for without this theory of Value, the argument in "Capital" can no more travel than can a snake whose back is broken.

In its proper place, you will be given a definition of value which will fit all commodities, and which will apply to all times and places. If I can furnish *such* a theory, you will accept it, because it satisfies your common sense, and explains all the phenomena of varying prices. And it is a theory that absolutely annihilates Karl Marx.

Now let us consider the second proposition which refutes Socialism. If it can be shown that all of the evils which afflict the body politic, the industrial world and the social organism are the direct, logical and inevitable consequences of private and public wrong-doing, (disconnected entirely from our *sys-*

tem of government,) then you will be driven to the conclusion that Socialism is altogether wrong in its onslaughts upon the existing order. If my way of explaining the causes of our troubles convinces you of its correctness, you will realize that it excludes the Marxian theory. In the nature of things, it is impossible for my explanation to be true without that of the Socialists being false.

Were England, Germany or Russia under discussion, it would be necessary for me to dwell upon the land question. Literally, much of the soil of those countries is monopolized by descendants of conquerors who, sword in hand, drove off the original occupants. In many cases, prosecutions, and bills of attainder for treason, were made use of to confiscate huge estates which were then given to royal bastards, or to royal favorites.

But no such conditions prevail in this country. We have no land question. Throughout the original thirteen States, farms can be had at less than the improvements are worth. Untilled fields are seen in every direction. As a negotiator of farm-loans, it was my task for many years to investigate titles. In many cases, the landowners have the original Crown grants, to which are attached the seals which are as large as saucers. I was astonished to find that the prices paid for agricultural land was greater before the Civil War than they are now. In my own family is a large farm, known as "the Obadiah Cloud place". The chain of title runs back to a grant of the Royal Council, under King George III. This deed has the big wax seal and is countersigned, in a beautiful "hand", by Charles Watson, Clerk to the Council. In these old ante-bellum conveyances, the consideration expressed is larger than the price paid by me, although the seller named his own terms when he sold.

Any man of good repute can purchase a farm anywhere, in Georgia, on five or ten years' time, at eight per cent. interest. I have myself sold a dozen places on such terms; and the buyers, in every case but one, stuck to their bargains and now own their homes. Similar conditions prevail in other Southern States. How it is in the Middle West, I do not know; but New England has many an abandoned farm which can be bought for a song; and Texas has millions of acres of school-land begging for the would-be-home-owner. When ex-Gov-

ernor Broward completes his magnificent work in the Everglades, Florida can offer splendid land, on easy terms, to tens of thousands of workers. (I read in news-papers that the United States Government has opened 1,000,000 acres to settlement in Montana.)

Of course, if all the unemployed persist in staying in the cities, where a dozen men are chasing one job, instead of migrating to those States where a dozen jobs chase one man—why, the Astor estate will continue to be a prolific source of howling about Land monopoly. Before I finish the chapters on Socialism, it is my purpose to demonstrate the impossibility of such a thing as a realty trust in America.

Since our troubles are not traceable to our system of land-ownership, what is it that has plunged so many millions of our people into poverty? The student of American history is powerfully impressed by the fact that in the days of Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Hugh S. Legare and Thomas H. Benton, the statesmen agreed that there was no pauperism in this country. Repeatedly was this remark made, in the course of Congressional speeches—made casually, as a matter of course. And it can not be too often mentioned that when Charles Dickens toured the United States, he was delighted and amazed to find that there were no beggars such as he was accustomed to see in Europe. He wrote home from Boston, that all the working people were well-clothed and well-fed. Here, then, is cumulative and convincing evidence that some terrible change has taken place in our country, for you can not now read a New York paper without coming upon heartrending stories of destitution and desperation among the laboring classes. Men, women and children perish like flies for lack of food, raiment and shelter.

Has there been dearth, pestilence, war or unwillingness to work? No: the production of all kinds of wealth was never so great. We have become the Egypt of the famished world—and yet our children cry for bread, the widow wails unheard, the man out of work tramps the street looking for a job until he drops and dies like a homeless, ownerless dog. It is maddening. We are at peace; no pestilence stalks its prey; and the uplifted hand of the unemployed pleads for work—*not charity, but a chance to earn bread.*

Let me here, again, use a homely illustration. You are sick, and the doctor is called. You tell him that you were perfectly

well when you sat down to supper, but that you woke up in pain during the night. Would not his first inquiry be, "*What did you eat?*"

His trained mind at once leads him to the conclusion that your illness can be traced to your supper. And if your symptoms are those of ptomaine poisoning, he practically knows that the oysters, or the fish, that you ate made you sick.

Well, let us go back to that period of our national history when travelers and statesmen agreed that we had no poor. We were then in good health. We are now ill, desperately ill. What have we been doing to ourselves to cause that change from health to sickness?

"Show me your statute-books, and I will tell you the condition of your people", said one of the world's greatest thinkers. Apply that test: open the volume containing the abominations which are called "Laws" of the United States. *Our Federal legislation is the worst that ever disgraced a civilized nation.* The favoritism to the Few is almost incredible. The subtlety with which the system has been contrived for the spoilation of the Many, is infernal. The cold, crafty, grasping cynicism that is found in these "Laws" is Satanic. The student who fails to see that all the ills which afflict the body politic are the natural fruitage of this tree, is wilfully blind to self-evident truth. Those "Laws" would beggar the masses of any land on this earth. That legislation was meant to skim off the profits from legitimate industry, and to leave to the farming class, the wage-worker, and the average merchant no chance to do more than live.

The Protection madness has gone to such lengths that competition has disappeared, the Trusts are supreme, and they fix the prices at their own pleasure. *When the manufacturing class grab one-half of the annual increase of wealth, who can wonder that millions of people get no share of it?*

Then come the other harpies—the watered-stock railroads, the national banks exploiting the sovereign power to coin money, the Express companies with their three hundred per cent. dividends, the Telegraph and Telephone companies with their enormous earnings, the Standard Oil Company with its clear profits of almost fabulous proportions.

With all of these big fish in the pond, who is it that can not understand what's the matter with the little minnows?

These favored Few absorb all of the annual increase of

wealth: the Government's own reports show it. Why, then, make any mystery of our situation? Take the United States Statistical Abstract, and study those appalling figures. You can then go to a blackboard and demonstrate, with mathematical certainty, that our republic is poverty-cursed *because we have, in the name of the law, confiscated all of the yearly increase in wealth to the use of about one per cent. of our population.*

Studied intelligently, the Government's own reports are the most damaging indictment that could be hurled at the Federal administration; and these official figures prove, *prove, PROVE* that all of our national troubles, (not due to individual viciousness and criminality,) have their origin in devilish legislation.

There is nothing organically wrong with our republic, or with our form of social organization. Corrupt politicians have pandered to voracious corporations, until *our whole system has been poisoned.* What must we do to be saved? *Extract the deadly virus of class-legislation:* restore the laws under which our country had prospered for half a century, and under which American statesmen could truthfully, proudly say, "*We have no Poor.*"

CHAPTER V.

HAVE you called the attention of any Socialist to those illustrations, (in Chapter IV. of this series,) which explode Karl Marx's theory of value? If so, I can guess his retort. He said, "*Marx's idea on that subject is a non-essential.*" That is one of their dodges. Corner a Socialist on something, and do it so completely that he hasn't got room to grunt, and he will dive under and get away, by saying, "That is not an essential part of our creed."

Well, not one of them will say that *the Marxian theory of surplus value, the Iron Law of Wages, and the economic interpretation of history* are "nonessentials". We will now proceed to examine these indispensable props of Socialism.

* * * * *

Rent, interest and profit—these are the baleful trinity which are devouring the human race. All Socialists who have got their lessons by heart, agree to *that*.

I have never been able to understand how it injures me to

pay some other man a reasonable amount of hire for the use of his property. In the chapter which follows this, you will be shown how private estates arose. You will see for yourself how absolutely necessary it became for the tribe to recognize the tenant's equity in his *betterments*; and how this concession gradually ripened into a title, with descent to bodily heirs. I will prove to your complete satisfaction, that *the origin of private property was not only just, but sacred*. It was the practical assertion by the tribe that *the laborer was entitled to the product of his toil*. If I don't prove that, I'll give up the case.

Now, assuming that my neighbor has come by his land, or his house and lot, in a legitimate manner, why should I expect him to allow me to use what is his, without paying him what that use is worth to me? He may have got it from the State under the Headright law, as so many of our Southern ancestors did; or he may have secured it from the Federal Government, under the Homestead acts. Possibly, he bought the farm on the instalment plan, and dug the price out of the ground. If the property is a house in town, he may have acquired it painfully, through a Building and Loan Company—some of which are remorseless vampires. Or it may be that he was a carpenter, and built the house himself. Possibly, he was one of those indefatigable men who gradually construct a home, out of nothing almost—as Henry Grady described in that unique and wonderful bit of word-painting, “The Patchwork Palace.”

No matter by what legal and honest method my neighbor got his house, or his farm, it is right that I should pay for the hire of it, if I wish to use it. This hire is called “rent”—wherein is it fundamentally wrong? By working another man's land, or hiring another man's house, *I get the use of his capital*. Would he let me have it, unless I paid him for it? No. Brotherly Love is never going to impel men to build dwellings for others to live in. Many farmers in this country prefer to rent land, for the reason that, in their communities, it is to their advantage to hire the land rather than to own it. To a city Socialist, this statement may seem incredible: it is true, nevertheless.

So you can see that rent is nothing more than one form of paying for the use of another's capital. If you go to the livery stable, and secure a turn-out for a drive, what you pay for the use of the team and vehicle is called “hire”. If you work the

land and mules of another, giving him a part of what you make, it is called "farming on shares". If you occupy the house of another, what you pay for the privilege is called "rent". If you borrow money, that which you pay for the loan is called "interest". In each one of these cases, *the same thing occurs*—one gets the use of another's capital. *The mode of payment varies, but the principle is the same.*

Now let us tackle the last of the three monsters who are destroying the human race—*Interest*.

In money, I store away the cotton I sold. The factory got the commodity, made it into cloth, and it may be now chastely concealing the beauties of some human form divine. In its stead, I have the ducats. If some one, in due course of business, had requested me to let him have the use of the cotton, free of charge, what would you have thought of him? But the money which the cotton brought me, *stands in its place*: why, then, should anybody, as a matter of business, expect me to allow him the use of what the cotton sold for, any more than he could decently ask for the use of the cotton?

The tenant has no mule: he must have one to make the crop: you lay out \$200, and take the risk of having the animal die, during the year. Is there anything wrong in charging a fair price for the use of it? You furnish the purchase money; you take all the chances; the tenant uses what cost him nothing, takes no risks, and gets all the benefit. Why should he not pay for the hire of the mule? He *does*; and the Socialists admit that *it is just that he should*.

But if the same \$200 is loaned out at interest, the brethren begin to bellow. What is the difference, in principle, between the two cases? None. But the Socialists contend that the money is not worn out in use, while the mule is. Yes, and that's the reason why the tenant has to pay several times more for the use of the mule than he would be required to give for the use of the money. *When the \$200 go into a horse or mule, the rental is fixed with the view of replacing the wornout animal, and at the same time, earning interest on the amount invested.*

Were it not for interest, the poor man would never get the use of the rich man's money. It pays to borrow money, if you know how to use it. And the men who know best how to use it, pay the highest prices for it. Wall Street operators sometimes pay two hundred per cent. for the use of other people's money. E. H. Harriman's colossal fortune was the product of borrowed

capital. The richest men in the world are in the United States, and they are the greatest borrowers that are known to history. They fight like sharks among themselves to get at loanable funds. The great feud between Ryan and Harriman (as everybody knows) had for its origin, the fierce desire of each of these plungers to control the assets of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Ryan won, but J. P. Morgan, the omnivorous and financially omnipotent, now has the mastery.

There are usurers who take advantage of the poor and of those whose necessities are urgent; but these prowlers bear about the same relation to ordinary lending of money by banks and individuals, that the White-Slave trade bears to legitimate commerce.

* * * * *

Can you not see that, in order for rent, interest and profit to become the curse of men, something unnatural must occur, to impart to them advantages which, under normal conditions, they do not have? There is *one word* which transforms these harmless agencies into ravening wolves. There is *one word* that changes the good "Dr. Jekyll" into the unclean beast, "Mr. Hyde." There is *one word* that turns the doves into hawks, the angels into devils. That *one word* is "*MONOPOLY*." Without it, surplus Value is the natural and healthful fruit of the natural, healthful tree: *with* it, come Dead Sea apples and the fatal Upas.

Rent has no power to enchain and plunder, unless the Law creates a land monopoly. Nature did not establish the seigniorial estates of Europe. By force of arms, and by force of legislation the people of Ireland, of England, of France, of Germany, of Poland and Russia were driven off the land, made tenants and despoiled with rack-rents. Therefore, it was the sword and the statute that carved out the monopoly; and this man-made monopoly it was that converted rent into an engine of destruction.

So with interest and profit. They are powerless to crush, as long as there is no monopoly. But when the laws are so manipulated that competition ceases and the Trust controls the market, both interest and profit are more desolating than two invading armies. With Surplus Value at work, with rent and interest and profit in full swing, ours was a prosperous, contented people, in that antebellum era when we had no poor. Why? *Because we had no monopolies.*

* * * * *

Karl Marx contended, (again borrowing from Ricardo,) that under Capitalism, the wage of the worker tended downwards to the bare cost of living. He called this "The Iron Law of Wages".

If there *is* such a law, it ought to apply to all times, places and occupations.

Does it?

Let us keep cool, and look around us for the facts.

To secure a negro man to do the outdoor work around the house and lot, we have to pay from \$14 to \$20 per month, besides feeding him and furnishing house-room. This laborer can not be properly described as "skilled": he knows no trade, and is barely qualified to look after the cows and horses, do garden work, bring in coal, sweep the yard, etc. If at all frugal, he will save at least half of his wages. If he is a man of family, his wife and children can get work also, at liberal prices, far above living expenses. The commonest boys and girls can earn from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and live on \$5 per month. It is that way throughout the South.

In 1900, the negroes in this county owned 173,352 farms, and held property (land included) to the aggregate of \$300,000,000. The negroes of Georgia returned for taxation, in 1909, property to the value of \$27,542,672. In other Southern States, this proletarian class is doing quite as well as in Georgia. Inasmuch as the emancipated slaves began their industrial life in 1865, with no other property than their muscles, the steady accumulation of wealth by them is overwhelming evidence against the Socialist theory of wages. Had there been a grain of truth in Karl Marx idea, the negroes of the South would not now be the owners of property worth so many tens of millions of dollars.

Go to the Southern banks, and ask the cashiers how many negroes have money on deposit. You will be amazed at the number and size of such accounts. The individual amounts are not so very large, but the aggregate is surprising. Remembering that these people started on nothing, and were wage-workers, their accumulation of wealth completely demolishes the "Iron Law of Wages."

The fact of the business is, that the negroes have become so "independent", it is no longer possible, as a rule, to run a farm with hirelings. As to colored women—they are duchesses. They work when they want to, and quit when they feel

like it. No white housewife in the Southern States can take a comfortable morning nap any more. Haunted by anxiety concerning the appearance of Her Grace, the cook, the poor white woman hurries out of the warm bed, down to the chilly kitchen, to see if the duchess has arrived. In case she has, your wife can return to her room, and perhaps get a snooze. In very many instances, it is the duchess who lies abed, taking the nap, while your wife is in the kitchen making the fire and starting the breakfast. Isn't it so? That's the way of it at my house, and I am helpless. In the protection of my wife from such as this, I would consider money no object; but money can't cope with the difficulty. Ours is not an exceptional trouble. The same condition prevails throughout the South. The negroes form our laboring class; and a better fed, better dressed, better housed yeomanry the world never saw. We have paid them so well, treated them so fairly, protected them so magnanimously, that we've spoiled them. Anybody who wants to know *the truth*, can come down here and see for themselves.

That being so, and the official records proving their rapid gains in property and cash—what becomes of the Iron Law of Wages? There couldn't be a test fairer than this. Never before did so many millions of bread-winners begin life on nothing, and commence to work for wages. If the Marxian theory had a thimbleful of sense in it, the negroes would have been paid on the basis of the cost-of-living. Consequently, they would now be in the condition of the white mill-slaves of New England, the coal mine slaves of Pennsylvania, the steel-mill slaves of Pittsburg, the sweat-shop slaves of Boston, Philadelphia and New York, the shop-girl slaves of Gotham and Chicago.

In Florida, the unskilled laborer gets his \$1 or \$1.50 per day; and the carpenters, bricklayers, etc., will earn anywhere from \$2 to \$10 per day. I know what I am talking about, for my home is down there, part of every winter, and I've paid those fancy prices myself.

In the West, the Iron Law of Wages has no existence on the farms. The wage is far above the cost of living; and, as in the South, it is steadily advancing. So far is it from being true that wages generally are tending downward to the bare expense of supporting life, *they are tending to find the limit of what the employer can afford to pay*. In other words,

the Law of Wages in America is the exact reverse of the Marxian theory.

Don't understand me to be referring to the crowded centers of population, where the working people have ruined the labor market by glutting it. My reference is to the smaller cities, the towns, and the rural communities. Those overcrowded Chicagos and New Yorks are exceptional: the supply of labor is so much greater than the demand, that the employer is able to drive a hard, conscienceless bargain—just as the laborers did after the earthquake in San Francisco, when *they* were masters of the situation.

The Marxian theory fails to explain why a Florida workman commands so much better prices than the same man could earn in Georgia: does not account for the difference between the hireling's wages in Kansas and in Alabama: it cannot show us why a baseball player should be paid more handsomely than a clerk, engineer or bookkeeper: it does not reconcile the New York sweat-shop scale, and that of the Big Six Typographical Union: it is confuted by the discrepancy between the amount paid to men and that paid to women for doing the same work: *it is put to rout by the fact that in the same cotton fields, wheat fields, hay fields, fruit orchards, tomato fields, orange groves, the wages of one year may be double those of the next!*

Without any material alteration of conditions, than that the crops are "cut off", or the yield of the "bumper" size, wages slump or soar. You *know* that is true, don't you? Well, *it's a fact that knocks the Socialist theory of wages into a cocked hat.*

Now, there must be some law on the subject: to command your recognition and respect, *it must be uniform*, applying to all persons, places and periods. Is there such a law? Certainly. It is the Adam Smith doctrine of Supply and Demand. All other things being the same as before, a scarcity of labor will send wages up: let there be a bare sufficiency of labor, and wages remain steady: but an oversupply of labor sends wages down. There is no exception to the rule—none whatever. It fits everything, explains everything, and defies refutation.

The Guilds of the Middle Ages had discovered this principle, and used it to their immense advantage. The English craftsmen knew of it, for the long apprenticeships which pre-

ceded the liberty to work in the skilled trades, were meant to limit, as far as possible, the supply of the expert workmen. The Trade Unionism of England is founded on the same principle, as are the Labor Unions of the United States.

So, you see, the Iron Law of Wages is no law at all—else all kinds of work in every different time and country would respond to it as you can see them responding, automatically and without exception, to the Law of Supply and Demand.

(The peculiarity about the books of such Socialist apostles as Karl Marx and Herr Bebel is, that the only workman they appear to know or care anything about, is the laborer of the big cities.)

* * * * *

We now come to the economic interpretation of history. The Marxians plume themselves proudly on this hypothesis. They say that Marx “discovered” it. In a general way, they compare the achievement to the feats of Galileo, Copernicus, Herschel, Newton, Columbus, Harvey and Humboldt.

Well, come along and let’s look into it. In the first place, what is the meaning of the Marxian theory?

That the wars which have convulsed the world, throughout the ages, had their origin in economic questions—disputes about commerce, the resistance to class-robbery, the rivalries of industry, the desire of one tribe or people to leave their unsatisfactory location and dispossess those more fortunately situated.

To say that some wars have had their motive in considerations of this sort would be perfectly true; but a theory which seeks to account for all wars in this way is simply laughable.

First of all, we would have to blot out the recollection of the ten-year siege of Troy, and forget that a beautiful wanton caused the annihilation of a people. We would have to ignore the tremendous river of blood that followed the fanatical rush of the Moslem hordes. We would have to banish from our minds the terrible tribute which the Conquerors levied upon mankind—men of superhuman ability whose souls were afire with ambition, the love of fame and power. No economic reason flung Persia against the Greeks: none actuated Alexander’s campaign of vanity and revenge. Between the Latins and the Parthians there was no economic quarrel; but for centuries their clashing armies drenched the Eastern deserts

with blood. For hundreds of years, Europe struggled to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the Saracens; yet the Socialists contend that the Crusaders had their origin in *a dispute about ocean-going commerce*. There isn't a particle of evidence that Peter the Hermit even knew that Venice and Genoa were in a quarrel with the Mohammedans about Oriental trade. Peter, like thousands of other Christians, had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, had been cruelly treated by the Moslems, (as other Christians had been,) and he was inspired by the sudden thought that the sepulchre of Christ should be wrested from the Infidels. He preached a crusade, gradually got the people aroused, and the higher Roman clergy, seeing how the wind was blowing, and realizing how a general revival of religious interest would benefit the Church, finally and formally blessed the enterprise. To rescue the Holy Sepulchre became a European craze that swept noble and tradesman and yeoman into one mighty stream which poured into Asia, seeking Palestine. There was even an army of children which assembled and went forth on this sacred mission. Economic considerations had nothing whatever to do with it. It was religious enthusiasm—pure and simple. Thousands of nobles so encumbered their estates to procure funds to fit out bands of crusaders, that they were impoverished. As to the Church, its harvest was golden.

Take the Hundred Years' War between France and England—a war that drained Britain of the flower of her sons for three generations, and which well-nigh depopulated vast areas in France. What economic question caused it? None whatever. The English King claimed the throne of France; and the two peoples had to fight out the personal quarrel and rivalry of their Kings.

What caused the Wars of the Roses, a bloody internal struggle which reduced Britain to anarchy, after drenching her with human gore? The rivalry of two noble families.

What caused the Thirty Years' War, which desolated Germany? Religious fanaticism. What economic motive inspired the Great Armada, the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, the long period of carnage which preceded the crowning of Henry of Navarre, the fearful family conflicts between the wrangling descendants of Clovis and Charlemagne? There wasn't any—none at all. Personal rivalries and enmities in some cases, and religious fanaticism in the others.

Did any economic reason cause the Seven Years' War? No. Frederick the Great afterwards admitted, with brutal frankness, that personal vanity, a desire for fame and the love of conquest caused him to begin it, by invading Silesia. What caused Louis XV. to plunge the French into it? An insulting jest which Frederick had made at the expense of Louis' mistress—that, and a flattering note which the Austrian Empress wrote to "my cousin", (a royal address) the Marquise de Pompadour, mistress and boss of the enervated Louis XV.

What economic principle inspired the career of the African King, Chaka, in whose exterminating forays a million of human being are estimated to have perished?

The Stuart exile, James I., lies on his death-bed, and of Louis XIV., there present, the expiring James implores the promise that Louis will recognize Charles Stuart as King of England. On the impulse of the moment, and out of sympathy for the unfortunate James, the promise is given. With what result? One of the most sanguinary convulsions that ever drenched Europe with blood. England, indignantly resenting the presumption of the French monarch in arrogating to himself the right to say who should be her King, this feeling of national pride became the mainspring of the great combination of princes which came so near bringing Louis XIV. to utter ruin.

Two beautiful Queens, Brunhild and Fredegond, mortally hate each other, for personal reasons, and they keep France in a bloody turmoil for years. After thousands of lives have been lost, and enormous damage done to the realm, the death of the women puts an end to their wars.

Does not every well-read boy know that the annals of the world are gory with the titanic struggles of rival heirs to thrones, with the personal quarrels and jealousies of Kings, with marauding invasions that are inspired by the love of adventure and of military renown? When Cæsar, in passing through the Alpine village, said to one of his lieutenants, "I would rather be the first man of this wretched town than second man in Rome," can you not discover what motive impelled him to strive, through years of ruthless carnage, for the mastery of the Roman world?

When you see both Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte heating their youthful imaginations at the furnace of Homer's Iliad, and speaking of what they dream of doing

as warriors, does it not become clear to you *that there are some men who are born with a passion for war?* Just as other men have passionate inclinations to become sculptors, painters, musicians, poets and orators, so there are men who crave the soldier's renown. *It is the law of their natures.*

A Hun, like Attila; a Goth, like Alaric; a Mongol, like Tamerlane; a Tartar, like Genghis Khan; a Norman, like Richard Cœur de Lion; a Dane, like Sweyn; a Turk, like Solomon the Magnificent; a Frenchman, like Louis XIV.—these are familiar examples of men who have a natural fondness for the collision of contending hosts.

A battle-field exhibits the most terrible fascinating display of the highest human energy; and there are those who love it.

The young Alexander of Macedon was made melancholy by the tidings of his father's victories. "There will not be anything left for me to conquer!" exclaimed the ambitious boy.

Hannibal, from his earliest youth, dreamed of military glory; and upon the altar swore eternal enmity to Rome.

At the Brienne school, the sombre, penniless, unsociable Napoleon said, with sublime self-confidence: "With my 'Homer' in my pocket, and my sword by my side, I will carve my way through the world." At St. Helena, after all was ended, he one day said, ruefully, "It is a glorious game—war." Evidently, he was sorry he would never take another hand in it.

On his death-bed, Louis XIV. confessed, "*Perhaps I was too fond of war.*"

What becomes of the Socialist "economic interpretation of history" in the blazing, consuming light of such facts as these?

In Scotland, in Ireland, in England, in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Africa, in Hindustan, and among the Indians of North America—in fact, throughout ancient and modern history—we find that race hatred, the tribal feud, the rivalry of chiefs and clans, the wrong put upon women, the insulted feelings of rulers, the social and political rivalries of families, (to say nothing of desperate combats of opposing claimants of crowns and the holocausts of religious wars,) have been the busy sowers of the dragon's teeth whose harvests were armed men and furious battles.

As everybody knows, race hatred is one of the dynamic forces. It has caused more bloodshed than any other thing,

religious fanaticism excepted. Yet Karl Marx, *a Jew*, loses sight of it entirely, so wrapt up is he in his ridiculous "Economic Interpretation". It was the one great, mournful fact, which a Jew could not have been expected to ignore. Pathetic and indomitable figure! the Hebrew has been the Ishmaelite of the ages, and even now is persecuted because of his race. "Jewish dog!" was the epithet which for centuries he could not resent. In Shakespeare, he hangs gibbeted, as Shylock; in Dickens, as Fagin.

In Spain, in Russia, in France, he has been hunted and massacred, as though he were a wild beast. In England, he had to live down a racial prejudice almost as strong. Yet a doctrinaire of his despised and persecuted, but unconquerable, race forgets the antipathy of Turk to Armenian, of Celt to Saxon, of Jew to Gentile, of the yellow man to the brown man, of the Spaniard to the Moor, and *adopts* (for they did not originate even that) *a theory which omits racial prejudices from the causes of war!*

Why, nations are like individuals: they fall out and fight about anything and nothing. Don't all of us know that? Those terrible wars which from 1707 to 1815 banded all Europe against France, were waged to check the advance of democratic ideas! William Pitt, Lord Eldon and Edmund Burke feared the coming of these levelling principles into Great Britain: the crowned heads of the continent were equally alarmed. Herein we find the true cause of those frightful struggles, on land and sea, which Napoleon inherited from the French Revolution, and which he tried in vain to stop.

Two of the Italian States, in the Middle Ages, went to war about a well bucket; and ten thousand men were slaughtered before the furious contest wore itself out. An English King once took the warpath, because the King of France had cracked an obscene joke about the British monarch's big paunch!

It would be most unjust and untrue to argue that a rich man, like John Hampden, because of a tax of about \$7.50, resisted King Charles I. and began the agitation which brought on the Civil War! Hampden *stood for principle*. So did our Revolutionary forefathers. So does Ireland in demanding Home Rule. Very dearly, in precious blood and years of torture, has that stand for principle cost her people, but they are not far from victory now, I'm happy to say.

No one thing, causes war. Just as individuals fight about many things, nations do. Nations are simply large groups of men, and they often fight without adequate cause. You'd have to hunt a long time (and then not find it,) if you tried to trace to an economic question that tremendous conflict, in 1870, between Germany and France. As to our own Civil War, the student who fails to discover its source in racial differences, sectional prejudices, and a clash of ideas and principles, makes but a superficial study.

I once knew two old women, (widows of two brothers) to have a fierce, prolonged and most determined legal battle over a "follow-block". (A follow-block constituted a part of the old wooden gin-press, used in the compression of cotton into a "bale".)

Two ladies of Savannah, Georgia, had a dispute about the ownership of a canary bird; and all the best lawyers of the city were put to fighting one another over the little yellow warbler.

Sometimes there will be a dispute as to who should pay for a telegram, and there will be a lawsuit costing hundreds of dollars.

I knew a case once that came so near to being settled without litigation that one of the parties said, "If he will carry my guy-rope back where he got it, I will drop the case." The other fellow refused this slight concession, and the war was on. It lasted for years, cost both sides four or five times the amount involved, travelled to the Supreme Court a time or two, hung the juries, worried the judges, exhausted the lawyers, became the nuisance of the public and the nightmare of the clerks of the Courts, drained the treasury of the county, and is yet a joke among those who remember it. (In the Georgia Reports, it sounds, "W. H. Jackson and Associates vs. J. Belknap Smith.")

Now, when your own experience furnishes you with incidents of a similar nature; and when you remember that the men who rule nations *are nothing but men*, you will have no hesitations in subscribing to the doctrine, *that, no one thing has caused all wars.*

When the Socialist sets up the claim, *that every national and tribal fight, had one and the same origin*, you just know that he is talking sheer nonsense—don't you?

In Sir Richard Burton's wonderful translation of the

Oriental masterpiece, commonly called "The Arabian Nights", there is a curious little story which I chanced upon, after the foregoing chapter had been finished. In a beautiful way it sustains my contention concerning the often trivial, and even accidental, origin of wars:

Here is the story:

THE DROP OF HONEY.

A certain hunter used to chase wild beasts in wold, and one day he came upon a grotto in the mountains, where he found a hollow full of bees' honey. So he took somewhat thereof in a water-skin he had with him and, throwing it over his shoulder, carried it to the city, followed by a hunting dog which was dear to him. He stopped at the shop of an oilman and offered him the honey for sale and he bought it. Then he emptied it out of the skin, that he might see it, and in the act a drop fell to the ground, whereupon the flies flocked to it and a bird swooped down upon the flies. Now the oilman had a cat, which sprang upon the bird, and the huntsman's dog, seeing the cat, sprang upon it and slew it; whereupon the oilman sprang upon the dog and slew it, and the huntsman in turn sprang upon the oilman and slew him. Now the oilman was of one village and the huntsman of another; and when the people of the two places heard what had passed, they took up arms and weapons and rose one on other in wrath and the two lines met; nor did the sword leave to play amongst them, till there died of them much people, none knoweth their number save Almighty Allah.

(This fable was finely illustrated by the Bologna-Pisa War, which grew out of a dispute over an old well-bucket and which cost the lives of ten thousand men.)

CHAPTER VI.

IN the preceding chapter, the natural beginnings and growth of private property were described. If you have read and considered it, you will have seen how absolutely necessary the system was to the maintenance and support of the tribe. When writing of those ancient origins, I had not happened to see a note which Marx put on the margin of page 205 of his first volume. (Translation of Ernest Untermann.)

"In the first stone which he" [the savage] flings at the wild animal he pursues, in the stick that he seizes to strike down the fruit which hangs above his reach, we see the appropriation of one article for the purpose of aiding in the acquisition of another, and thus discover the original of capital." "An Essay on the Production of Wealth", by R. Torrens. [Italics mine.]

Unwittingly, Karl Marx and his Colonel Torrens bear witness to the correctness of my position, which is, *that there is nothing wrong in Capitalism, ITSELF.*

These would-be philosophers trace their dearest foe, capitalism, back to *the stone with which the savage kills a wild animal*, and thus obtains food for himself and kindred; *to the stick which brings wasting fruit to appease human hunger—and then have the astounding obtuseness to argue that capitalism is wrong, in itself!* Mercy on us! how one-sided these doctrinaires become, when laboring to find facts to support absurd theories! The savage who picked up a rock, and struck down a wild hog with it, *was the original capitalist*, was he?

Marx is quite rapturous in quoting R. Torrens to that effect. He calls Torrens' discovery of the original capitalist, "*a wonderful feat of logical acumen.*" Well, who *besides the hog* was damaged by the use of the rock? Wasn't it a good thing for the tribe to have its food-supply increased, in that manner? Was the tribe injured when "*the original capitalist*", whose stick brought down grapes, or nuts, added these luxuries to the provisions of the tribe? How was "Society" damaged when these *original capitalists* learned how to make spears, javelins, stone hatchets, fish-hooks, bows and arrows, *and thus enormously increased their capacity for securing the flesh and hides of wild beasts, for food and clothing and tents?*

Here was capitalism in full blast, according to Marx and his "wonderful" Colonel Torrens. Wasn't the tribe all the better off, on account of it?

Then, when these *original capitalists* learned how to use boats and nets, traps and pitfalls, to capture a vastly larger quantity of fish and wild animals, with very much more ease, *capitalism was going at tremendous speed*—in comparison with Colonel Torrens' rock and stick throwers. But can you see wherein this capitalism was doing any harm to "Society"? When axes were used to fell trees, and implements employed to produce grain and vegetables, the capitalists had made another tremendous leap *onward, and upward.*

And so on, at each successive step, *in the natural process of evolution.* It was only when *Government and Legislation interfered with the normal operations of capitalism*, that an Iliad woes came to curse mankind.

Let us return to Surplus Value.

The very first thing which occurs to the mind of a thinker is, that Karl Marx involved himself in a contradiction in terms. There may be different kinds of value—such as value in *use*, and value in *exchange*—but there cannot be a *surplus*

to either kind. One might as well speak of the *surplus* of water in a pitcher that is *full*; or of a surplus in the exactly measured yard of calico. The *value* of an article is like a circle, or a square, or a right angle: it is complete in itself, and admits of no such thing as addition or subtraction. One circle may be large, and another small: one square may be an inch; another may be a mile: but, whether big or little, each circle and square *is perfect*. In like manner, the same commodity may have an increase or a decrease in price, as it passes from one owner to another; but in each valuation there is a full expression, a perfect measure of *value* in exchange.

Alter the curve of the circle the least bit, (without a corresponding change all round) and you may have enlarged or diminished the space within it; but you will have lost your *circle*. Value is equally incapable of changing its quantity and at the same time holding its *name*.

There cannot be more or less than a *circle*, in a circle; and there cannot be more or less of value, in *value*. You may change an article for less than its true value, or for more; but when you speak of *what its value really is*, you cannot, in the same connection, *add* or *subtract*. The moment you make a change, you *have lost what you are talking about*.

Karl Marx took for his main illustration the production of cloth in a cotton mill. How did he come to find any surplus of value in the cloth, over and above expense of production? By omitting from his line of reasoning the controlling elements of *mental management*; interest on *stored labor*, (represented by the plant) and *special legal privileges*, enjoyed by the capitalist.

Let us Americans content ourselves with an American example which will prove the utter fallacy of the Socialist argument for Surplus Value.

We will take a New England factory which manufactures cotton or woolen goods. The owner lays in raw materials, and the laborers spin and weave it into cloth. The employer sells the finished product at a certain price. What enables him to get much more for the cloth than the labor cost and the wear of machinery? He is justly entitled to interest on his money tied up in the plant, and, it is perfectly fair to allow him compensation for mental management. But is it not evident that *he derives the greater portion of his prodigious profits from legislation*—legislation which protects *him* from foreign competition, while *immigration from all over the world competes with his employees?*

Does a tariff of 165 per cent. on blankets have nothing to do with the spinners' profits? Do tariff duties, ranging all the way to 158 per cent. on cotton fabrics, have no part in piling up fortunes for the monopoly lords?

But Karl Marx, and Socialists generally, take no account of such all-important factors in fixing values. How, then, could their reasoning be other than fallacious?

A writer in the *Weekly People* undertakes to teach me what Surplus Value is. (I understand that he is Mr. DeLeon, translator of Herr Bebel's nasty book, "Woman Under Socialism"—the translation being a gross insult to every virtuous woman in America.)

He supposes that I employ "100 niggers" to work for me, in the cultivation of my lands; and he makes the point that after these "100 niggers" and all other expenses are paid, there remains to me *a profit*, on the year's business. This alleged profit, confuses him, and he calls it, *Surplus Value*. In fact, I do not operate a wage farm at all. My lands are rented out. *They represent my earnings, as a Laborer.*

Ever since I was sixteen years old, these hands have been bread winners. Neither land nor money, nor other thing of dollar-value came to me by inheritance. As to gifts, none were ever offered; nor would any have been accepted, had they been tendered.

My feet have beaten the dreary path of job-hunting. My hands have held the plow-handles, the scythe, the axe and the hoe. My eyes have been wet with the salt tears of desolate poverty. My body has been tortured by pains brought on by physical exposure. I have slept on straw, under the pines, with no other covering than the tree-tops; no other lights than the twinkling stars. And never in my life have I even thought of asking any other man for a blessed thing, save a temporary credit, a brief hospitality, and a chance to get into the battle-line of life.

When it came to choosing a wife, I did not go heiress-hunting. I courted a girl who was as poor as myself; and I knew that I had wedded unspeakable riches when she became my wife.

We both worked hard: she, to make the Home; I, to win the Battle. For nearly thirty years we toiled—the one, as Breadwinner; the other, as Helpmeet. Lawyer, lecturer, author, editor—I owe everything to Labor. The man doesn't live

who has striven more steadily, conscientiously and intensely to earn what was paid him for the service.

These earnings, I invested in land, paying fair prices, either in the competitive public auction, or in the competitive private sale.

Now, then—let us reason together. A negro comes along and wants to use, for a year, my “congealed labor”, represented by forty acres of land. Why shouldn’t he pay me for it? If I get the benefit of *his* labor, for a single hour, I must pay him. Isn’t turn about fair play?

I toiled and moiled for thirty years to get that land. Often, I rode all day in the cold and the rain, to earn a fee of two dollars and fifty cents. Many and many a time, the reaction, after the strain of a big law case, brought on illness that laid me up for days. But I rose and pressed on again, storing up my wages in land, so that some time I might have a competence, and could devote my time to books and to writing, as I have been doing these latter years. Has the negro who wishes to use, for his exclusive benefit, some of my stored up Labor, *any more equitable right to get it free of charge, than I have to demand that he, gratuitously, chop cotton for me?* My labor, *done in the past*, is as sacredly mine, as his capacity to chop cotton is to him, *in the present*.

We are both laborers; my land represents what what my employers paid me, just as the dollar that I give him for a day’s work stands for my employment of him. The negro is under no compulsion to use *my* land. Competition to get tenants is so keen, in Georgia, that the negro is practically master of the situation. (Some of Georgia’s best farms are vacant, for lack of tenants. It is so throughout the old South.) We have to advance money for them to pay them out of “scrapes” into which they have been led by mean whiskey and bad passions: we have to pay whatever debts they may have contracted during the preceding year: and we must lend them more cash at Christmas, after they have frolicked away what they had made during the year. *If I don’t get the tenant by doing things of this kind, some other landowner will.*

So notorious has become the uncertainties of land rents; so heavy are the taxes; so great the expense of keeping buildings, etc., in repair; and so great is the waste of soil by the botch-work cultivation of the tenants, that *investors, seeking sure and handsome profits, seldom buy farms.*

In December, last, I sold 160 acres of improved land for less than \$5. per acre—land which was bought by me at public sale some ten or fifteen years ago, for a trifle less than the price for which I sold it. The buildings on the place could not be duplicated for what I paid, nor for what I got for the land. *Therefore, the land itself cost me nothing when I purchased, and fetched me nothing when I sold.* And why did I sell? Because the rental was paying me less than 8 per cent. net, on the money invested—and even at that the tenant left, because he found a place which suited him better. The farm was “lying out,” as so many are in the South, in New England, and even in New York State. *Within a hundred or so miles of the roaring Babylon of America, are farm lands that have lain untilled for the last ten years.*

Many farmers in the cotton belt prefer to rent, rather than own land, although they are able to buy. What is the reason of this? The tenant escapes the State tax, the County tax, the special School tax, the cost of repairing houses, of digging and curbing wells. The responsibilities of proprietorship do not burden him. If fire destroys buildings, fences and timber, it's nothing to him. If land is washed away in freshets, or practically ruined for several years by being plowed when too wet, it isn't any concern of his. If another tenant dies during the year, leaving no one to finish the crop, the heavy loss is that of the landlord—as it is when the mule departs this life; and when the tenant fails to make enough produce to pay rent, supply bill and guano account.

These are a few of the reasons why some farmers, able to buy, never do. Besides, *they get the benefit of the competition among landlords* for good tenants; and they enjoy the advantage of having many farms to inspect before deciding which to rent.

I cite these undeniable facts for the purpose of proving to the satisfaction of all unbiased minds, that farm rents are not too high. And the further fact, equally indisputable, is that farms can be bought for less than the improvements are worth. This is true of the Old South, of New England and of New York itself.

Consequently, *land*, by the million of acres, can be had *free of charge*. Even the most violent Socialist must admit that *another man's betterments* on the property should be paid for, when title to the land passes from seller to buyer. Well, *for*

less than the value of the improvements, hundreds and thousands of farms can be secured throughout our Southern country.

And this fact is further proof that rents, in agricultural communities, are not too high.

Now, then: the tenant and I come to an agreement as to what my forty acres will be worth to him for one year. He has looked at other places, heard the offers of other land-owners, and rents from me because, in his judgment, my terms and my farm are better than the others. If this were not so, he would not rent from me. He works my land, not on account of love for me, but because of a tender consideration for himself. With only a nominal supervision, he prepares the soil, plants his crop, cultivates and gathers it. He brings me a thousand pounds of lint cotton to pay the rent. The remainder of all he produces is his property—say, five or six more bales of cotton, a hundred or so bushels of corn, fodder in proportion, some peas, potatoes, sorghum cane, and cotton seed.

How would you go about finding “surplus value” in any of that negro’s crop? He and his family worked together, and for themselves; and they sell their produce at full market price. Evidently, we must look elsewhere for the “surplus value”. Did *I* get it? Let us see: the negro brought me two of his bales of cotton, one thousand pounds: he could not have made his crop without the use of my “congealed labor”, the land: therefore, my labor co-operated with his to produce the cotton and corn. Consequently, *Labor hogs the whole output*—no surplus value in sight at all.

But suppose it had been a case where a typical capitalist invests his money in land, for the purpose of deriving a revenue from it—whereabouts would the surplus value be located? The renter gets the use of another man’s property, and he pays what he thinks it is worth. *He buys*, for one year, the land which the labor of others has *made into a farm*, supplied with a dwelling, outhouses, etc. He makes this trade, *just as though he were buying from the livery stable the use of a turnout*. And it is just as unreasonable to contend that the purchaser should not pay a fair price, in the case of him who *buys the use of the land*, as it would be to argue against payment for the liveryman’s horse and buggy.

But suppose that wage-hands are hired, and that the land-owner farms his land himself, will there be a surplus of value

in the crop? The Socialists answer "Yea", and locate it *in the difference between cost of production and selling price of product.*

They contend that the wage-hands are entitled to all that their labor produced, over and above the actual expenses.

But what about a reasonable interest on the capital invested? And what about skill of management, executive ability, *the wisdom gained in the costly school of experience?*

The Socialist argument leaves these entirely out of the reckoning. And why? *Because they demolish the Marxian theory of Surplus Value.*

That which is left to the landowner, after all expenses are paid, is interest on investment and compensation for management.

The mental element, *management*, is the soul of enterprise. In every business, the Boss is indispensable to success. *Somewhere*, must be the master mind, the guiding hand, the captain of the ship. Change of managers makes or mars: exchange *good*, for *bad* judgment; or experience, for ignorance—and *away goes the profit.*

A Harriman assumes command of the Pacific railways, and those bankrupt, rundown, ramshackle "elephants" *immediately* respond to the touch of the master hand.

A Pulitzer buys the moribund New York *World*, and immediately it begins its growth toward its present colossal proportions.

On the contrary, how often have we seen a prosperous business wrecked, when it falls into hands unfitted to control it. What went with A. T. Stewart's gigantic trade and profits, when Judge Hilton took hold? What would become of Wannamaker's business if Eugene Debs were put in charge of it? The elder Hyde was succeeded by the younger—and *what happened to the Equitable?*

The fable of the vain Grecian youth who essayed to drive the chariot of the sun, teaches a profound, universal truth, which was never overlooked by anybody, until these Marxian Socialists arrived.

The farmers have a saying that "There is more in the man than there is in the land." This homely adage indicates the element of production which the Socialists ignore. A hundred negroes might toil for the Southern farmer, as DeLeon puts it; but those "100 niggers" would simply bankrupt the land-

owner, *if they were not managed right*. There must be discipline, direction and judicious employment of each laborer. How many acres, *and which ones*, shall be put in cotton? How many, *and which*, in corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, etc? What kinds of seed shall be selected? What tools, implements, etc., shall be used? How shall the soil be prepared? When and how shall the planting be done? How wide apart shall the cotton rows be? Shall be planted in the bed, or in the water-furrow? Shall the grain be sown out of hand, or drilled by the machine? How much fertilizer to the acre, and what kind? Is the ground too wet to plow? Shall we give this cotton another working? The grass is about to take the place: where had the hands better go, first? A crisis comes, and some part of the crop must be neglected to save the rest: what shall suffer, that the remainder may be saved?

How shall the lazy hands be dealt with? How the surly? One of the men spoke impudently, and looked insolent: can you afford to notice it? One of the women "talked back", and went off with a most aggravating swagger and toss of the head: will you swallow your anger, or exert yourself to restore discipline?

One day, a McDuffie County farmer (the late James Norris) dropped into my office; and, in the course of casual talk, told me of an incident which had occurred on his plantation, a few days before. A negro woman, plowing one of his mules, became enraged against it, and she whipped out her knife, drew the mule's tongue out, and cut it in two! Shocked by the story, I asked my friend what he did to the woman. "Nothing", he replied; "I couldn't afford to do anything." It was the busiest time of the year, and a row with his negro employees would have meant the loss of the crop—and ruin. The negroes *all* know when this critical stage is reached, every year, and they *never* fail to make the planters feel that they know it. Over and over again, a planter has to decide whether he will submit to humiliation, or run the risk of ruining his business.

The things which I have mentioned will give you some idea of what the farmer has to contend with. Considering the case from that view point, you can readily see the overwhelming importance of *management*.

Some farmers grow poor on rich land; and others thrive on poor land. We see fathers, who were prosperous planters,

followed by sons who lose everything. Farming side by side, with the same crops in cultivation, and the same kind of labor, Smith will come out ahead and Jones, behind. Why? One is a good *manager*, and the other isn't. I've known wives to take control of business, and make a good living, where the husband was letting everything go to the dogs. I've known fathers to get everything "balled up", and have seen the sons work the same land out of debt.

You have seen all these things, too; and so have the Socialists. Yet, *they frame up a theory of value which absolutely disregards so potent a factor as the mental element in production.* Experience, good judgment, business sagacity, self-control, firmness, power of initiative, perseverance, the courage of venture and the power of controlling others, were treated by Marx as *negligible quantities!* When Socialists ignore such *essentials*, how can their theorizing be sound?

There is another fatal defect in the Socialist theory. Under our system, this mental element asserts itself freely, *automatically*; under Socialism, it would have no self-assertion at all. If the elected Bosses happened not to be *wise managers*, the capable men would remain on the dead level, below. There would be no chance for business genius to prove itself, *of its own free will.*

The unquestionable fact that a business poorly managed fails to pay the cost of production: that the same business, under somewhat better management remains at a stand-still, just about earning the operating expenses; while the same business, conducted as it should be, yields large profits, *not only demonstrates the vast importance of the subtle, intangible, invisible mental-element, but ANNIHILATES THE SOCIALISTS THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE.* The selling price, over and above the laborers' wages and the wear of machinery, etc., *is the value of that mental element.* We see losses come, as the mental-element vanishes: we see a change for the better take place, as the mental-element returns; and we see net earnings increase, as the mental-element improves. Could anything more conclusively prove that Surplus Value does not, and can not, exist?

Wellington said that he considered Napoleon's presence on a battlefield as equivalent to 50,000 men: the Austrian Archduke, Charles, rated the great Captain as equal to 100,000 men: they were, of course, estimating *the value of a mental element.*

Exactly the same thing applies to peaceful industry and production. Considering him solely as a business man, E. H. Harriman was well worth 100,000 ordinary men, in the command of a Grand Army of Producers. Who can estimate the value of the mental element supplied to the Oil trade by such a brain as John D. Rockefeller's? What would the Steel Trust be, without the marvelous mental qualities of Gary and his colleagues? Do the Socialists believe that mental element plays no part in the Beef Trust power and profits? Could Messrs. Anybody and Everybody manage the affairs of J. P. Morgan? Four years ago, certain gentlemen, armed with \$200,000 of other people's money, started out to establish a weekly paper in Atlanta. About the same time, another man commenced publishing a daily paper in the same city. All men know (I guess the Socialists can enter here) that it is enormously more difficult and expensive to establish a daily than to found a weekly. At the end of four years, the weekly periodical is extinct, the publishing company bankrupt, and all the \$200,000 gone. The daily paper, having spent possibly \$300,000 is a brilliant success, and could probably be sold for \$500,000, if not more. Why was the harder task accomplished? Because the necessary *mind and energy* were applied to it.

Now, let us suppose that all these men—those who failed to found the weekly publication and the man who succeeded on the daily—should be put to work under Socialism: *how could they be paid in proportion to their respective value?* WHO would, or could determine matters of that kind? Under our system, such things adjust themselves, *automatically*; how could Socialism adjust them? In free competition, the reward goes to the swiftest runner, the victory to the abler man: but where all are reduced to a common level, and "Society" destroys competition, how will the superior *mind* be encouraged and compensated?

The miracles worked by the superior intellect fail to impress the Socialists. They figure the cost of the raw materials: they add the wages of Labor: they allow somewhat for the wear of machinery—and there they halt: "this is the value: anything beyond this, is surplus, and the capitalists who get it *rob Labor.*"

The marvelous, wonder-working element supplied by thought, prudence, shrewdness, knowledge, and driving power—all acting in concert toward a definite purpose—is a deadly

antagonist to the Socialist argument, and hence they eliminate it from the calculation. They assume that the mill-hands could successfully run the mill; that the farm-laborers could manage the farm; that the Sears-Roebuck clerks could control the Sears-Roebuck business; that the coal miners could get along and earn what Baer does, with no Baer to dictate; that the Pittsburg and Bethlehem workmen (foreigners mostly) could dispense with the Fricks and Schwabs; that the printers of the *New York World*, or the Hearst papers, could easily make as much of a success of those publications without that element supplied by the brain—*management*.

Well, we might as well drive the logic to its natural conclusion, and argue that the soldiers of the army could win Gettysburgs, Chancellorsvilles, Gravelottes and Mukdens without the aid of generals.

Let us suppose a business in which there remains a profit, after the *management* has been paid for as a part of the expense of production: what does that profit represent? Interest on the money invested, reward for the risk of the venture, and for the sagacity which selected *the kind of business and its location*.

Some years ago, that queer old compound, Col. Mann, of Town Topics, lost \$75,000 trying to introduce dressed beef into the Paris market. I heard him tell the story, and it was most interesting. He bought up the magnificent beeves of the Danubian valley: he built up-to-date abattoirs in Vienna, where the cattle were butchered and the offal gotten rid of: then he loaded a number of cars with dressed beef, duly iced, and started for Paris.

But the papers had got hold of the matter, vested interests took alarm, health authorities predicted dire calamity from those so-called putrid carcasses; and *the King of Italy stopped the train*. Col. Mann rushed to Rome, had an interview with royalty, explaining that every part of the offal, etc., had been destroyed at Vienna; and finally secured permission to proceed with his cold storage beef.

But the Colonel had omitted one controlling factor from his calculation—the Parisian butcher and the marketman. In these, he met indomitable foes. They combined against “the rotten meat”, jeered and hooted, and made people afraid to buy it. In vain, the Colonel banqueted some prominent men, who gave certificates that the beef was delicious. In vain, the

Colonel submitted to a hold-up and paid one of the papers \$300 to publish the certificates. He was whipped, completely routed, and had to abandon the enterprise.

What better illustration could you ask, to show how much success and profit *depend upon selection of time, place, management and the character of the business?*

Thus we see beyond all doubt that what Marx calls Surplus Value, is nothing more than *a constituent part of selling price*, put there by what may be embraced in the general term *Business Ability*. That portion of value ought never to be excessive, as compared to labor cost, and *never can be, where the Law is guiltless of fettering free competition*. You can see that I state a mere truism in saying that large profits, in any venture, *allure others into it*; and thus the reasonableness of net earnings is assured, *automatically*. Of course, if the law makes for monopolies all natural rules and conditions disappear.

CHAPTER VII.

LET us now go back to the beginnings of things. In no other way, can subjects of this sort be convincingly treated. Suppose that we should take an Eskimo and show him a gaunt, weather-beaten pine tree that has been dead so long that the bark and the sap have rotted off, leaving the "heart" to stand there, defying the sun, the wind and the rain. Could you succeed in making the Eskimo comprehend the evolution of that long-leaf pine? Could you ever bring his mind to grasp the wonders of that old tree—its germinal mast, which the winds bore to the birth-place, the tiny bunch of green needles shooting up from the earth, the gradual increase of this tuft; and then the upshoot of the slender, graceful stem, the throwing out of limbs, the slow growth which continues until the majestic maturity is reached—a maturity so grand that when the axe lays low one of these kings of the forest, the crash of his falling, through the branches of the lesser trees, may be heard for a mile, and his impact upon the ground rolls away like a rumble of thunder. To us Americans, who have been familiar with the processes of growth and decay of trees, the leafless, barkless, sapless, yet unconquered, dead pine is no riddle: but to the Eskimo, the spectacle would present a novelty, and to his intelligence it would be a baffling mystery.

Similarly, to those who are familiar with the origins of our institutions, there is absolutely nothing that appears strange, unnatural, fundamentally wrong about them.

Trial by jury was better than trial by battle, or by water, or by fire. One accused of a crime was permitted to clear his skirts by producing neighbors of good repute who, under oath, vouched for his innocence. These men of high character were not willing to declare the accused guiltless, until they had considered the evidence on both sides. Consequently, trial by jury had its birth in this very natural, reasonable requirement of the defendant's peers.

So, also, the present system of punishing of criminals was a vast improvement over the barbarous law of retaliation—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Unsatisfactory as our judiciary system is, nobody would favor a return to the ancient methods.

In like manner, our marriage laws marked a distinct advance from the tribal promiscuity of the lower races. To fasten upon males the duties which they owed to their mates and their offspring, the law made the martial contract as strong as possible; and religion did its utmost to render the bond sacred. The great economic motive was, to compel the individual who married, and who begot children, to be true to the One Woman, and to support and educate his children, in order that they might not become a charge upon the community, or grow up without being given proper parental care, control and training.

Consider this remarkable paragraph, found on p. 68 of *The Early History of Institutions*, by Sir Henry Maine:

"Mr. Lewis Morgan, of New York, the author of a remarkable and very magnificent volume on '*Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity in the Human Family*,' published by the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, reckons no less than ten stages (p. 486) through which communities founded on kinship have passed before that form of the family was developed out of which the Aryan tribes conceive themselves to have sprung. But Mr. Morgan also says of *the system known upon the evidence actually to prevail among the Aryan, Semitic, and Uralian divisions of mankind* that (p. 489) it '*manifestly proceeds upon the assumption of the existence of marriage between single pairs, and of the certainty of parentage through the marriage relation.*' 'Hence', he adds, '*it must have come into existence after the establishment of marriage between single pairs.*'"

The utter lack of foundation for the Socialist statements that ceremonial marriage was established to conserve and perpetuate private property, is shown by the existence of mono-

gamous mating among Gorillas and the higher order of Apes. There is even a variety of the whale family in which the mates are so attached to each other that when one of the devoted pair dies, the survivor commits suicide. Swans are monogamous, as are rooks and mocking birds. It is said that if an ostrich loses its mate, it never takes another.

This point has been discussed already, and it would not have been mentioned again were it not a historic fact that both monogamic marriage and private property are found throughout the brute creation. Hence, *both* are *natural*—not artificial, as the Socialists contend.

Did you ever read much about the ant? A wonderful little fellow he is, to be sure. A great believer in private property, is Sir Ant. He makes a home for his family, he stores up wealth therein, and woe unto any other ant that tries to enter that home unbidden. As to interfering with his private property—no outside ant dare attempt it. Occasionally, I must admit, the strong rob the weak, in the ant-world; but that only proves how human they are. Ants are so similar to men, in some respects, that they enslave other ants—black ones, at that—(please don't let Dr. Lyman Abbott, Robert Hunter and Andrew Carnegie know of this!) and these dark colored serfs are treated so well that they love their masters, as our old-time darkies loved theirs. Here is a curious thing: a part of the property of the ant family consists of domestic cattle which are fattened, milked and (in times of scarcity) killed and eaten. (These are the aphides.)

Why do squirrels and jay birds store up nuts, acorns, etc., if they have no natural instinct for the accumulation of property? Any other squirrel or blue jay would have a terrible fight on his hands, were he to try to rob that precious hoard.

Bees afford another example; but Maeterlinck has written about them with such exquisite beauty and such fullness of knowledge, that I will content myself by referring you to his fascinating prose poem, "The Bee".

Not only is there an almost universal instinct of private personal property among animals, but, (*the brutes!*) they actually claim private ownership of land! The monsters are capitalists at heart—the same as men.

Does not the King of the Jungle mentally appropriate to himself all of a certain domain; and does he not warn off

any lion that intrudes? If another lion disregards the notice, is not a terrific battle between the proprietor and trespasser the immediate consequence? So they tell us, in the books.

The same thing is true of wild cattle, of ants, of bees, of beavers, of troops of Pariah dogs. Do we not find the same instinct in prairie dogs, ground-squirrels, beavers and otters? It is highly developed in the monkey tribe. The fiercest of battles are fought in the wildwood, if one family group invade the territory of another. Not only does the group claim, as its private property, the domain which it occupies, but each individual monkey has some lair which belongs to him alone.

The average Socialist is the most short-sighted man in the world—*else he would see that Nature has sown among the beasts, the birds and the fishes the rudiments of the very same principles that underly our system.* Man created nothing: he merely developed what God put into him. That is all there is to it.

Now let us trace the development of private property.

At first, the human race depended upon Nature for food. As the tiger stalked his prey, the man did: as the bear and lion *hunted* for a living, so did the two-footed, upright prowler. Some lived on fish, some on the eggs of birds, some on nuts, fruits, roots, and wild vegetables. In the course of time, family groups drew apart, and the ownership of domesticated animals evolved the flock and the herd.

Was anybody "robbed" when some bold, strong tribesman caught and tamed the wolf, making a faithful, useful, affectionate dog out of him?

Was anybody "robbed" when horses, cows, swine, sheep and goats were captured and tamed?

That's the way private property in domestic animals began.

Analogous to the taming and training of donkeys, horses, etc., was the domestication of wild fruits. One of the earliest examples was the olive. We find in the Old Testament references to private property in olive trees. In cases like this, the member of the family who planted and tended the grove, orchard, vineyard or garden owned it. Here, again, Labor was the source of Title. Who was "robbed" when wild fruits, nuts, vegetables, etc., were domesticated, vastly improved and enormously multiplied?

Did you ever see the wild tomato? the wild strawberry? the primitive peach and apple? the wild pecan nut? the original chestnut? Did you ever reflect upon the difference between the cow, as Nature made her, and the modern descendants of the same animal, *as private ownership has developed her?* Have you ever thought of wild hogs and sheep and goats, in comparison with those developed under private ownership? *Were socially owned animals ever known to improve?*

Consider the poultry. Would Socialism ever have brought forth that \$12,000 hen? The fact that somebody stole her egg, almost before she finished laying it, merely furnishes additional evidence of the truth that men just naturally crave private property.

What belongs to everybody, *nobody will improve*. The Socialists claim that if everything belonged to everybody, we'd all love one another, and cheerfully work, and lose all our bad streaks. All and sundry would do right; and we'd be so dearly fond of beautifying and elevating our collectively owned property, that we would work even harder for other folks than we now scratch for ourselves.

Well, let us hold that lovely hypothesis awhile and study it.

All Europe, until comparatively recent years, there were strewn "Commons". These were remnants of land left behind in the advance of private ownership. These Commons belonged to all the people—usually, of the adjacent town.

Now, Mr. Socialist, *can you prove that the collective owners of those Commons ever made any improvements thereon?* No—you cannot! Every soul in the town was improving his privately-owned house and lot, or otherwise working for *himself*, and not a hand was ever turned to the development of the community-owned land. The Commons remained waste, uncultivated, overrun by every vagrant human or animal—until at length "me Lud" coolly and quietly scooped it, adding that much to his manorial inclosure.

(Please put that illustration up to the Socialist ranter, and let me know by the next mail what his responsive snort was.)

But there is another well known case, which "pies" the Socialist theory. There are *the public roads*. They belong to all of us. They're about the only relic of democracy that's left us. And since automobiles came into fashion, even the public road isn't democratic enough to hurt.

But they are common property? *It is to our interest to improve them, and keep them in the best condition.* If the Socialist idea of human nature were sound, our public roads would be heavenly. But even the Socialists kick like Tump Ponder's roan mule, when called out to work the roads. Funny, isn't it? Proverbs tell; and there's one to this effect, "What is everybody's business, is nobody's business;" and it pierces the Socialist theory to the heart.

* * * * *

But, while I began with the domestication of beasts, fowls, nuts, fruits, etc., there were earlier and simpler methods of acquiring property in chattels.

There must have always been a recognition of the right of each individual to the fruit which he had plucked, the fish that he had speared, the deer or bear or wild-hog that had fallen under his club; and the cavern, or hollow tree that he occupied as a home. The individual ownership of weapons, domestic utensils, and work tools was coeval with human life itself. Wearing apparel must always have been private property. Even when the wardrobe consisted of an apron of fig leaves, it belonged to the individual, and not to the Group. We have yet to learn that among the lowest savage practitioners of collectivism, in hot climates, the flaps belong to "Society". In Eskimo-land, the furs worn by the natives are private property. Vanity being as innate as selfishness and cupidity, there is no doubt that *personal ornaments* were among the earliest articles of private property.

Here, the title was based on *discovery*. The lucky individual who found the ruby, the pearl, the diamond, claimed and kept it. To this day, our law recognizes "discovery" as a source of title. In America, one curious survival is the claiming of the "bee tree", (on the land of another,) by the man who found it.

* * * * *

As the flocks and herds multiplied, good pastures became all-important. In the Bible we see how disputes sprang up between the owners, as to who had the right to graze certain land. Thus we come to understand how *Occupancy* was the first muniment of title. Whoever had a flock or herd could take it to any vacant range; and, while he held possession, no one else might bring his cattle to the same pasturage.

At this stage of development, private, exclusive and per-

manent ownership was not enjoyed by individuals, excepting in those cases *where human Labor had created the property.*

Of course, the hut, and boat, the sledge, the implement, etc., *belonged to the man who had made them.* In the Old Testament, we find Abraham asserting title to a well which he had sunk, *on land that did not belong to him.* After a deal of contention and strife, his claim was allowed, on the ground that "*he had digged that well.*" Isaac dug several wells in the same region, gave them names, and claimed them as his property.

Here we see *Labor* put forward, successfully, *as another foundation of private property in land.* Mark it well, for my whole train of reasoning pivots on that honest, equitable, sacred principle.

As the human race increased in numbers, the supply of food obtainable by hunting, trapping, fishing, etc., became more and more uncertain. Wild animals were thinned out; for they were not only butchered with reckless wastefulness by mankind, but they preyed on each other. Besides, as human occupancy of the earth spread, the ranges of the wild animals diminished. Think of the example most familiar to ourselves, the American Indian. Although it is the accepted opinion among historians that the Red Men of North America kept their numbers down to a wonderfully small figure, by bloody tribal feuds, yet even in so vast a territory as his, the Indian found that he could not rely wholly upon Nature's supply of food. Game was slaughtered with senseless profusion: myriads of deer, bears, bison, etc., were left to rot where they fell, only some choice morsels being taken for use. No system of curing and preserving food-stuffs prevailed; consequently the necessities of the case forced the savages to clear little patches of ground, here and there, for the cultivation of beans and maize.

Each tribe had its hunting ground; and the tribal wars generally had their source in disputes over these collectively owned domains. But every spot of cultivated soil, together with its produce, was the private property of the Indian whose *Labor had made a farm* out of the wild land.

Brother, can you not see that *Nature never made a farm?*

God created no such thing as money, no such thing as a house, no such things as hats, shoes, baskets, plow-lines and agricultural implements. All of these are man-made, of

course; but *so is a farm*. A piece of wild land in no more a "farm," than a pint of wheat is a biscuit, or a bale of cotton is a bolt of calico. In the same sense that a man takes raw materials and builds a house, a railroad, or a bridge, he takes a wild piece of land and *creates a farm out of it*. If the land is wooded, the trees must be cut, the logs taken off, (billions of dollars' worth were burned on the ground in the old wasteful way) the brushwood fired, the stumps and roots torn out. So heavy is the task of *making a farm*, that even now (in the South, at least,) we give to the man who clears our land all that it will make for the first two years. Sometimes, only partial rent will be charged for another two years.

In some portions of Ireland and France, the peasants pulverized the surface rock, covered this with earth carried in baskets from valleys below, and thus literally created little mountain farms.

Who made those irrigated farms of "The Great American Desert?" Nature didn't. For ages those weird solitudes existed, the terror of the Indian hunter, the cemetery of estrayed buffalo. Left to Nature, the Desert would have remained the unfruitful waste that it had been since the morning stars sang together.

But man comes along, stores river-water in some vast reservoir, leads the irrigation ditch into the Desert, and lo! it becomes a garden luxuriating in all things beautiful and good.

For ages the Everglades of Florida had been the domain of gray desolation, the home of the water-bird, the moccasin, the rattlesnake, the wild turkey, the otter and the bear. Later, a few wretched Seminoles eked out a haggard existence on its Islands. Left to Nature, the reign of solitude and savagery never would have been disturbed. But man comes along, puts huge dredges to work cutting wide and deep canals to drain off the water, and lo! there are wide areas of virgin soil upon which hustling humans come to *make farms*.

For, mind you, the Broward canals are not farm-makers. They give the opportunity and the dry surface of the earth—*individual workers must do the rest*.

I wish you could run down to Fort Lauderdale, on the East Coast Railroad, (out of Jacksonville) and see how they make farms in the Everglades. After the Broward drainage ditches take away the water which had immemorially overflowed the surface, there is left the rank saw-grass. To get rid of this, is

not a difficult task; but when the grass has been cut and burned, the slate is only just ready to be written on. The soil, having been soaked for centuries, and being pure muck, does not dry out to a sufficient depth for cultivation until ditches, run at right-angles to the Broward canals, have been sunk. Then the ground must be thoroughly pulverized for a foot or so, with spade, or plow or hoe. Even then, you'd waste your time planting, if you did not use tons of fertilizer on each acre. Do all this, and you will have made a farm—in the water-sobbed wilderness where for ages man could find no dry place for his feet.

Would any human being go to all that expense and trouble to create a farm in the Everglades, if the law did not give him the product of his labor? Never in the world. Human nature isn't built that way.

The illustrations which I have taken from American life are not exceptional. They were given first place, for the reason that *you can verify them for yourself*. The difference between our native land, and the older countries is that the processes by which a people adjusts itself to environment is still going on, with us; whereas in Europe, the process of appropriation of public domain practically exhausted itself centuries ago.

In the West, we have seen the Union soldiers locate their Homesteads, on the old bison ranges, in treeless prairies, and we have seen them make farms, vineyards, and woodlands. Man's indomitable energy *is even changing the climate*, by the planting of trees and the cultivation of the soil. *Did those hardy ex-soldiers "rob" anybody, when they toiled year after year to change buffalo ranges into corn and wheat fields?*

I rode through that country in 1896, realized what a different world it was than that into which fate had sent me, and was deeply impressed by the miracle which human courage, labor, intelligence and perseverance had wrought out there. While that was my first view of civilized Kansas and Nebraska, the books had made me familiar with what those great states had been before the coming of the white settlers. To say that those pioneers and those old soldiers "robbed" society, when they began to get eighty bushels of corn out of an acre of that bison range, *is pluperfect tommyrot*.

In the South, marvels are yet to come. Broward's work in the Florida Everglades merely opened a new era. Other Southern states have swamps, over-flowed lands—tens of millions of

acres of it. *There is a greater number of acres of this reclaimable Swamp land in the South than we now have in cultivation.* In other words, we can, by scientific drainage, *double our farm land.* And each acre so redeemed will be worth many times more, as a source of production, than the average acre now in cultivation! Here is a tremendously important fact. Dredges are even now at work in Arkansas and Mississippi. The timber will be cleared off, the swamps drained, and farms made. Hundreds of thousands of families will be offered the opportunity to become home-owners. Could the Socialists persuade a single one of their ranters to enter an Arkansas swamp, remove the timber, dig the ditches, fight the fearful battle with stumps, roots and malaria, *for the purpose of making a farm for "Society"?*

Not a bit of it! The men who will shoulder those tasks will be the natural, normal, stalwart men who want individual homes for themselves, for their wives, for their children.

Private ownership in Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica came about in the same way as in America. *Necessity and Labor were the parents of the system.*

The tiger that tries to take another's mate doesn't have to fight harder than does the tiger which seeks to rob another of his den. The same natural instinct dictated the rule which allowed each tribesman to own his own dwelling. The Eskimos hold in common their ice-bound hunting and fishing grounds; but each Eskimo privately owns his hut, his reindeer, and the dogs which act as draught ponies to his sledge. (The permanent stone house built by the tribe, belongs to the tribe.) In like manner, the Arab wanders over wide areas, owned in common by the tribe; but each Arab prides himself on the private ownership of a gun, a pistol, of a flock, a herd, a barb and a fine saddle. And while the whole desert is held collectively, the spot on which the individual Arab pitches his privately owned tent, *is his private property*, so long as he chooses to remain there.

The world-wide and primeval Law of Hospitality beautifully illustrates the difference between what is public and what is private. Antiquity knew no such thing as hospitality—as we know it. The stranger was usually treated as an enemy, while on the public domain. It was lawful to enslave him, or kill him. But if he once entered the hut, tent or cavern, craving hospitality, his person was sacred. In "The Arabian

Nights," you will find a dramatic corroboration of this statement. A Princess is giving a great public feast, to which come, disguised, three bandits who have wronged her, and whom she means to put to death. Each, in his turn, is lifting food to his mouth, at one of the tables, when she cries to her attendants, "Seize him! Do not allow him to put that rice in his mouth!"

If he had taken one mouthful of food, *at her table*, she could not have punished his crimes—the Law of Hospitality would have saved him.

In "Marmion" and in "The Lady of the Lake", we see striking examples of the binding force of this law.

But neither the Arab, the Indian, the Celt, the Persian (nor any other race, so far as I know,) extended the law beyond the dwelling—certainly not to the public domain. Thus, in "The Lady of the Lake", Sir Rhoderick protects Fitz-James until they reach the frontier of the Highlander's domain—meaning all the while to fight him to the death immediately afterwards.

In Europe, to which we will confine the rest of this chapter, the Indo-Germanic tribes soon realized the absolute necessity of domesticating certain wild animals. The usefulness of the cow, the goat, the sheep, the hog, the horse, was self-evident: that they could be tamed and improved, was soon demonstrated: that their numbers could be enormously increased by protecting them from their natural enemies and giving them a regular supply of the most suitable food, was not long in being discovered. Consequently, we see our primitive ancestors keenly attentive to this method of increasing the regular supply of food, of wearing apparel, of articles of convenience and comfort.

But men could not subsist on flesh alone, nor upon milk, butter, fruit, nuts and vegetables. The staff of life, *Bread*, was lacking. To get this necessary, was a terribly hard job. To clear up a field in the forest, to inclose it with a rail fence to keep out wild beast and roving cattle, to prepare the seed-bed; to dig, delve, sow, cultivate and reap—made a herculean task. (Read of Old Times in Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, and you will get some idea of it.) To prevail upon a certain number of the men of the tribe to stay at home and buckle down to this drudgery,—what was absolutely necessary? It must be apparent to you that no man of the tribe would have *voluntarily* devoted himself to that hardest of hard work *without some inducement*.

There isn't the least doubt as to what that inducement was. It lies on the very surface, visible to every one who has not been blinded by an opposite *theory*.

Remember that the Family Group was the germ of the society, and that these kinspeople were all held together by ties of blood. Therefore, their relations to one another were more or less affectionate. Remember again that each Family Group was a distinct entity which bore no love to other groups composed of people of a different blood. Indeed, at first, the alien groups were generally hostile to each other, the feud being a very common inheritance. (The Corsican Vendetta is a survival of the ancient and almost universal conditions.)

Now you will see at once that the strongest ties bound each member of the group to his kindred. Their common home (the land which they occupied) had to be defended against other groups; and each member of the family had to be ready to protect the others: hence interest, blood and affection made the group careful as to the rights of its individual members. (For example, the "clannishness" of some kinsmen, in our own day.)

Sir Henry Maine (an authority of the highest character) traces private property in land to two sources—

(1) Outsiders, combining against the Family, broke its resistance and seized upon its land.

This theory would seem to be unsound, in that we are dealing with a period wherein the Patriarchical family system is supposed to have been general. Sir Henry Maine's supposition would, therefore, appear to involve the dispossession of one group by another. No change from communism to individualism would seem to be necessarily the consequence of the change of tribal ownership.

(2) His second theory is, that as the Family Group disintegrated, individual allotments were made. It strikes me that Sir Henry got the cart before the horse. The individual did not secure his allotment *because* the family group was breaking up into units: but the group dissolved, *because individual families secured separate and privately owned allotments*. What motive was there for the group to efface itself, so long as all the land was owned in common? None that I can see. If too many bees were born into that particular hive, the surplus would naturally *swarm out*. Colonies would go forth to make other homes in the waste, unoccupied land. And the

history of the Village Communities in America, India and Europe *proves that they did that very thing*. Among the Pueblo Indians, for instance, when the family dwelling could accommodate no more, a colony was thrown out, and another pueblo built. It was the same way among the Long-House Iroquois. (There is a survival of this in Hindustan, and some other countries, even now.) In fact, this swarming of colonies from the parent hive is one of the most universal and portentous facts of history. It ranges all the way from the removal from densely to sparsely settled portions of the same state, (as from East and Middle Georgia to South Georgia) to the migrations from one part of a nation to another, (such as New Englanders and Southerners pushing into the South-West, West, and North-West) up to such epoch-making movements as those of the Huns, Goths, Vandals, Moors, Tartars and Mongols.

It seems to me, therefore, that while Sir Henry Maine was accurate in his statement of coincident facts, he reversed their order. The tribe of kinsmen, wishing to deal fairly by each member of the family, *recognized the right of one of their relatives to the improvements which he had made on his share of the tribal land*. Walter, Alfred, James, Ralph, William and Edward spent their time at the chase, or tending the droves of hogs in the wildwood, or herding cattle, or in the rude commerce, or manufacturing, or in forays against neighboring tribes, or in gambling, idling and drinking.

But Rollo and Cedric staid at home, kept sober, applied their energy to improving the buildings on their allotment; and to the clearing, fencing, draining and cultivation of some land which had theretofore been covered with timber.

Does it not occur to you that before these men applied themselves to such a laborious task, *they had received from their kinfolks the promise that they should be allotted the same land each year?* In other words, *private and exclusive title to land had its beginning in the family's recognition of the kinsman's equity in his betterments*.

Don't lose sight of the fact that, in a new country, the cleared land is, for a very long period, the smaller area. Therefore, at the time private ownership to land to land arose, those who cleared off the forest and made farms were in a hopeless minority. *Therefore, the privately owned farm must necessarily have arisen by tribal consent*.

It is absolutely impossible to account for all the phenomena of private property in land, on any other hypothesis. It is in perfect accord with the origin of private property in chattels. It explains (what would otherwise be a profound mystery,) why the whole tribe allowed a few members of it to hold their allotments, against the overwhelming majority. It is consistent and coincident with the gradual dissolving of the Family Group. *It borrows tremendous support from the Bible account of Abraham and the well which he had digged in the country of Abimilech. IT ACCORDS WITH ANIMAL INSTINCTS, THROUGHOUT THE WORLD; and it meets every requirement of common sense, lucid reasoning and purest justice.*

As I have said before, there isn't a particle of difference in principle, between the ownership of a cow, and the ownership of the lot on which she is stalled, fed and milked.

And the common ownership of the land is not a bit more essential to the welfare and happiness of mankind, than the collective ownership of personal property. As a matter of fact, there never has been any advance in civilization made by peoples that do not stimulate the individual by guaranteeing to him the enjoyment of his freedom of person, his freedom of action, and his right to acquire private property.

To have improvements made on the tribal allotments, it was absolutely necessary to concede to the individual the right to reap the full benefit of his betterments. Thus the same man was enabled to hold the same land, year by year. You can readily understand how this *estate for years* lengthened out into an *estate for life*. Then, when the life-tenant died, leaving his improvements on the land, *what was more natural than that the whole Patriarchal family should decide that the wife and children, who had directly or indirectly aided the deceased kinsman in making the improvements, had a better right to succeed to the possession than any other members of the group?*

Thus you see how inheritance originated. Of course, the exchange and sale of the property, and its disposition by last will and testament, were found to be logical consequences of acknowledging the toiler's equity in his betterments.

Once you find the acorn, and understand its planting and germination, the growth and expansion of the oak becomes easy of comprehension.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT has already been shown, in a preceding chapter of this series, that Socialism's war on private ownership of property antagonizes a principle which operates throughout the entire range of animated nature. Not only do the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea prove the existence and the universality of the principle, but the *vegetable world does also*. In every forest there is a fierce struggle of the individual tree, *to get something for itself*, as ever was known in the competition of men. Not only does species compete with species, but the battle of existence goes on between the members of the same species. The hardier species, or specimen, wins the battle: the weaker, perishes or lives dwarfed and stunted. So natural and so terrific is this competition in the world of inanimate things, that Man has to go to the rescue of those whom he would save.

The rose and the lily would soon cease to make the garden radiant and fragrant, were we not to put an end to the *competition* of the weeds. The field would never whiten with cotton, were it not that we save it from the *competition* of the grass. There is not sufficient nourishment in the soil for half the seed that we plant; and to get good results we must protect a few of the cotton plants from the competition, not only of the weeds and grass, but of much of the cotton that was planted. Even the stalks that we leave to grow, compete among themselves for the nourishment which they need.

Competition is inseparable from private ownership, and private ownership is a law of Nature—as any one who will use his eyes can clearly see—yet our Socialists brethren tell us that they will abolish both, substituting co-operation and communism. In other words, they modestly declare their intention to repeal statutes, written by the finger of God Almighty, over the very face of Creation! The "Survival of the fittest" is no law to them. They will scout philosophers and Jehovah Himself, taking teeth and ferocity from the human shark, beak and talon from the human hawk, poison and fang from the human snake; greed and filth from the human hog; lust and levity from the human satyr.

* * * * *

There is another principle or trait universal in its character, which Socialism combats.

It is *the love of locality*.

According to the Marxian theorizers, nobody should desire to own any particular thing, or to dwell at any particular place. Society should be one vast band of "brothers",—the whites, the blacks, the brown, the red, the yellow—owning everything in common. The home would be a socially owned tenement. "Society" would assign you to certain rooms one year; and some other fellow will occupy them the next. Therefore, it is clear that you will not love your temporary home much more than you love your room in a hotel, or your seat in the opera-house.

I know that the Socialists of Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and other Southern States will vigorously and wrathfully deny the above assertions. Farmers who have been dosed on *The Appeal to Reason*, and led by that villainous sheet into declaring themselves Socialists, *believe that they can own land, under Socialism*. Of course, they cannot. The private ownership of any land whatever is abhorrent to the very soul of the Marxian creed; and any Socialist who is at once well-informed and truthful will tell you so.

That unprincipled group who have deceived the old Populists, the dissatisfied Democrats, and the restless Republicans cannot forever keep up the imposture. *Sooner or later, I will tear the mask from their hypocritical faces*. The unprincipled group to which I refer are those who publish a venomous, class-hatred paper at Girard, Kansas. Their names are Eugene V. Debs, Fred Warren and J. A. Wayland. Most solemnly, most positively—I swear to God it's true—*Socialism does not admit of the private ownership of any land whatever, for any purpose whatever*. The socializing of the land—every bit of it!—*is the very life-principle of the creed*. It is inexpressibly base in Debs, Warren and Wayland to be sneaking up on the blind side of honest, but illiterate farmers and laborers by telling them that citizen can own his own home, under Socialism.

The very first step of the "industrial revolution" is to be *the establishment of Communism in the holding of the land*. This is the Hamlet of the drama, the foundation of the building, the Atlas on whose shoulders the new world is to rest.

Even the cunningly drawn platform of the National American Socialist Party says that "the land" is to become public

property; and yet men of intelligence can be persuaded that those words are not inconsistent with the ownership of homes!

Let some delegate from the South go to the next national convention of the Howling Dervishes, and introduce a resolution in favor of the private ownership of enough land to make a home—and you'll hear the whole menagerie roar. If the introducer of such a resolution can get home without broken bones, he'll be in luck.

Oh, I *do* hope that some of the Southern States will send delegates who will try that resolution on a Socialist national pow-wow! It would bring on a perfectly beautiful storm.

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The love of Location—how powerful it is and how beautiful! In all my wanderings around the world, in my stray-dog days, I *felt* that my feet would, sooner or later, take me back to my Old Home. Into my dreams, the familiar scenes of my boyhood constantly came. And as sure as the Sabbath arrived, I could hear the bell of the Baptist church in Thomson. So one night, as I watched the moon through the window of the humble home in which I boarded, my decision was suddenly made, to come back. *The love of Locality had conquered.* And the victory was decisive. Much as I have suffered here, much as I have been misunderstood here, Thomson is to me the dearest old place in the world.

Who is it that has not had that feeling for some particular place? What is it that thrills the German, in America, when he hears the strains of the "Watch on the Rhine?" What is it that brings the tear to the eye of the American, in distant lands, when "Home, Sweet Home" is sung? Why is the Shamrock dear to the Irishman, the Thistle to the Scot? Why does the flag and the national air of one's country make the blood leap, as the one is seen and the other heard when we travel abroad? Why do the cheers spring to the lips of Southern men, when the band plays "Dixie"?

Patriotism is the Grand Passion Flower which has its roots in the love of home.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is *my own*, my native land"?

"'Tis sweet to die for one's Country", says the patriot in

almost every chapter in the annals of the world. To betray one's Country, is to win execration for all time to come. To save one's Country, is to earn immortal renown. To make war on one's Country, has ever been held in horror—like the striking of one's mother. To be banished for life from one's Country, ranks with the heaviest of penalties. To get back to one's Country, the deported criminal will madly risk his life.

Ignore such a vital chord in the soul of man as Love of Locality? What an absurdity!

In the woe of the Jews as they sat down to weep and wail in the rich and beautiful valley of the Euphrates—in bondage, and heart hungry for the homes in rocky, arid, unlovely Palestine—do the Socialists see nothing but the longing of prisoners for freedom? In the lament of the exile, do they recognize no yearning for *the old familiar places*, as well as for the old familiar faces?

Let them call it fable or allegory, if they will, the grief of Adam and Eve, when driven from the Garden of Eden, has been felt by every human being that ever lost his home, or was ever banished from native land. The glory in the eyes of the returning traveller, the suffering in those who gaze for the last time on the receding shores that they will see no more, is as natural, elemental, eternal and imperishable as humanity itself.

What splendors have originated in this noble trait! It inspires the soldier and the statesman, the poet and the historian.

Roll, thunder, roll! let the sheet lightning play, and torrential rain pour—you will not disturb the concentrated thought of *that* horseman, for it is Robert Burns; and in his heated brain are being beat out the deathless lines of "Scots who hae with Wallace bled!"

'Ware Frenchmen! Beware! You are out of your element; you are to fight on the sea; and Nelson's signal has already thrilled his fleet:

"ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty!"

Speak scornfully of Old Ireland, where one of her sons can hear you—if you just *must* have a fist in your face! "Run down" Germany to Germans, if you are on the hunt for trouble. In fact, the man or boy, who doesn't resent insulting references to his native land, is devoid of ordinary human

feeling: he is abnormal. Even the girls will get afool of each other's head-fixings, on a provocation like that.

And that's why *Socialists hate patriotism!* They detest it. They know that it is at deadly variance with their creed. They know that you love your country *because your home is a part of it*—your family a factor in its greatness. They mean to dethrone you, as Head of the Family: they mean to have your wife and children lean, not on you, but on Society, for protection and support: they mean to give you rooms in a hotel, in place of your permanent dwelling: and then mean to “emancipate” women to such a heavenly extent that there will be no such crimes as fornication and adultery, and no children who can say, with certainty, who their fathers are.

The wild-eyed dervishes declare that Patriotism is a “prejudice;” that it springs from narrowness of mind and lack of broad humanitarianism. They say that all men are “brothers”: that the whole world is our home; and that the Switzer should love the malarial swamps of Africa with the same ardor he feels for the snow-capped Alps, the sun-kissed valleys, the silvery streams that have heard his Yodle-song for centuries, that have given him the sturdy vigor and love of independence upon which the Burgundian, Charles the Rash, broke his power and lost his life—a fierce determination *to be his own man*, which no Prince or Potentate could ever overcome!

And they argue that the corpse-eating, offal devouring savages of Africa and Oceanica are your “Brothers”. Upon what ground? That the same God created all men. So He did; but He created chimpanzees and ourangoutangs also; and the Socialist reasoning would make those our “Brothers”, too.

* * * * *

How can you feel *an attachment* for places which you have never seen? How can you *love* what you know nothing about?

It is the intimate association, the agreeable relationship that foster affection for the Home. The memories of the past, the pleasures and griefs of childhood, the recollections of parental care and affection, the clusters of incident in the family life, the spots that are connected with particular occurrences—these are but a few of the almost innumerable reasons why love of home is so powerful.

Who can express, even to his own satisfaction, *why* he loved the woman whose hand he sought in marriage?

Who can explain, exactly, why we "just naturally take to" some men; and, just as instinctively, dislike others?

Your wife may be more handsome, stylish and mentally endowed than mine, but I'm not the least bit envious—mine suits *me*. Your home may be much more lovely, magnificent and sumptuous than mine—I'm not fretting about it. As I write these lines (March 31.) the sun of a cloudless Spring morning calls nature to its Easter, and every feathered musician that my protection has encouraged to come and to stay with me is flooding the place with the melody that I love best. *And it is something to me that they are singing in trees that I planted.* Not like any other lilac or camelia or jessamine blossom are those that come from the bush or the vine which I set out, when I stood at the threshold of life and my children played where my grandchildren play now—and near where I myself played when a child.

For the State, for the nation which holds this sacred and dearest spot, would I not fight to the death? Is it unnatural that I should hear with bitter scorn the Socialist ranter who tells me that this feeling of Patriotism is no more than a narrow prejudice? Prejudice? Narrow mindedness? Pluperfect balderdash! We have no feeling more elevating, purer and more enduring than Patriotism. Those who have so loved their homes and their native land that they chose death rather than see them ruled by the stranger, live in the story of nations, live in song and sculpture, live in the hearts of the people!

But who will ever love or beautify a tenement which is the property of "Society", and of which his tenure is merely temporary? Who would love, and fight for, his room in the boarding-house?

* * * * *

Love of Locality! The Socialists utterly ignore it. Yet the fowls of the air have it: the fishes of the rivers and the seas have it: the beasts of the field and the jungle have it.

See the fish-hawk return to the same nest year after year! See the eagle cling for life to his home on the inaccessible cliff! See the shad come to the same spot to spawn every

year! See the horse and the dog and the cat, and even the hog, proving its love of locality, by making its way back to the old familiar scenes, when taken from them.

"Homesickness" has been known to kill people; and in that prostrating melancholia the love of locality is an ingredient.

In the Life of General Sam Dale, we are told that he was put in charge of the removal of the Indians from Alabama. He, of course, had to round them up, as he went; and his daily marches were necessarily short. He stated that the Red Men showed the keenest grief on their stoical features; and that the women and children broke out into weepings and wailings. He said that the warriors would, every night, return to take another look at their old homes; and that they kept this up as long as it was possible for them to make the journey and re-join the moving tribe before morning. The warriors had their wives and children with them on the migratory march; consequently, it was the *affection for the place* where they had lived that brought them back, every night, to see it, and to mourn over its loss.

There are few regions more gloriously picturesque and beautiful than that which lies between Charlottesville and Waynesboro, Virginia. A few years ago, Mr. A. P. Bibb took me over the road in his buggy. As we rode toward Afton through the lovely country, my friend pointed out various places of interest—the home of those wonderful Langhorne people among them. Indicating a homestead which was some distance from the road, and which seemed to me to possess no especial attraction, Mr. Bibb proceeded to relate a tragedy connected with it. The farm had long been in the same family. But when W., one of the sons of the deceased owner, bought the place at Administrator's sale, a stranger came along, and offered him \$10,000 more than W. had paid. Dazzled by the profit, he sold. Then he began to look around for another place. He could not find one that suited him. At length his mind reverted to the old Home. Every tree that his father had planted; every flower that his mother had tended: every path that he had walked when a boy; the creek in which he had fished—all were vividly before his eyes, wherever he went. Finally, he surrendered to the love of locality, and offered the purchaser of the old Home one thousand dollars to

cancel the trade. With abominable brutality, the man who had bought the farm answered:

"No. I examined more than 3,000 places, and never found one that suited me until I saw this. If you had asked \$10,000 more than you did, I would have paid it, just as readily".

The poor gentleman who had too hastily sold his home, took the matter so to heart that he soon lost his mind, and was sent to the asylum, where he died.

Yet the Socialists *ignore* Love of Locality!

What is it that speeds the wing of the homing dove? Why do quail use the same range, year after year? What is it that carries the corpse of dead men and women back, hundreds of miles, to the old family burial ground? Why did Zenophen's "Ten Thousand" shout so spontaneously when, after all their battlings and marches in Persia, they caught sight of the Grecian seas? "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*" "The sea! The sea!" they cried, and they were frantic with joy.

It was the association of ideas—Grecian waters, Grecian people, Grecian homes.

The magnificent opera-house is crowded: brilliantly illuminated, the human multitude is perfectly representative. There are the men and women of Society's Smart Set; there are the men of the clubs, and the women who smoke, drink and swear. In the Dress Circle and the Balcony, the blaze of light reflects the radiance of pearls and the flash of diamonds. Here in the main body of the house are the plain men of business, with their wives and daughters—while yonder, up in the Galleries, are people from every walk of common life, from callow Youth to sad or cynical Age.

The drama has gone forward, scene after scene, and there has been applause: there has been laughter. At times, the house has been turbulent: at others, still. The opera is nearing its end: a scene has just ended, and there were "thunders of applause", as the Diva left the stage.

Suddenly, the lights grow dim: the orchestra touches the softest note, and the Prima Donna reappears, alone.

Over the vast audience, rapt and motionless, floats a voice of liquid gold—athrob with tender passion—

"*'Way down upon the Suwanee River.'*"

Instantly, every man's face, from pit to dome, is swept into

the same emotion. Instantly, every woman's face wears the same look. There is no applause, any more; but women raise handkerchiefs to their eyes; and down the cheeks of men, the tear trickles. Nobody is thinking of the impersonated negro: nobody is touched by the words or music of the song: every-one is melted *because of the memories awakened*. Not a soul in that audience cares a rush about the darkey, or the old plantation: what moves each individual present is, *a memory*—the memory of his or her childhood home, and the loved ones of Auld Lang Syne.

"Ben Bolt", is not much as music, and less than nothing as poetry; but we like to hear the simple song because of the association of ideas. It brings back to us our school-boy days, and the sweetheart that we believed we loved. She married "another"—who has a notorious reputation for winning the girls—but we cherish an innocent sentiment for her, even now; and whenever we look into her frank, matronly eyes, we can read what's there—*she* hasn't forgotten, either.

"The Old Oaken Bucket that Hung in the Well"! Ah, what inexhaustible treasures it has drawn from the deep cisterns of the irreclaimable past. How purifying to mind and heart are the recollections that bind one to the old home. *How undeniably does the gleam from the domestic hearth irradiate the outer world!* How surely does the deep river of Public Sentiment, of Public Life, of Public Purpose draw its virtues and its potency from the men and the women who are *settled in their homes*; and who, from these social lighthouses, send flashing, far across the treacherous sea, the warning which saves!

Abolish homes, and substitute the Universal, Conglomerated Caravansery—in which no man can be made sure of a permanent abode?

Destroy the Home, as we know it? The Home that is mine, and at whose entrance I can halt a Monarch? The Home in which every man may be, in fact, a King? The Home and the Family, from whose venerable and consecrated soil have sprung the glories of *Man's march toward the Dawn*? "**FOR-BID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD!**"

* * * * *

In revolutionary movements, there is a law, that brooks no resistance: *the more violent element invariably comes into control*. There is no exception to this rule.

Turgot and Necker and LaFayette were replaced by the more radical Barnave, Condorcet and Mirabeau. This school was turned out by the more advanced Girondins—and they, in their turn fell—with heads off—before the ruthless Jacobins. And when the Jacobins became supreme, *the more violent devoured the others*. Poor Camille Desmoulins, on his journey to lay that young form, that brilliant head, under the fatal knife, cried out to the mob which was thirsting for his blood:

"Don't you remember me? I'm Camille. It was I who started this. It was I who plucked from the tree in the garden of the Palais Royale the first green badge of Revolution".

Vain the plea. He and Danton, who had helped to send the Moderates to the scaffold, had not kept pace with Marat, Robespierre, Billaud, Tallien, and Collot d'Herbois, the radicals of the radicals.

Then, in turn, Robespierre was passed on the road; and those who passed him *slew him as they swept ahead*.

But the Reign of Terror was over: the movement had spent itself: the Revolution had devoured its own children, its every leader of capacity—and now the reaction had set in which hurled from power, and sent into exile those whose maniacal violence had carried them too far.

Did we not see the same inexorable law in operation among the Abolitionists? Garrison and Phillips were almost lynched by those who finally went far beyond the position occupied by these pioneer exponents of Slavery. Mr. Lincoln never dreamed in 1859, or even in 1860, of going as far as *they drove him*, in 1862. Mr. Seward was considered too radical for the presidential nomination in 1860, but he was passed on the road by the more radical and ruthless Wade, Morton and Stevens. The Andrew Johnson of 1864 had no conception of the mad lengths to which his own party would try to drag him, in a few more months. By the time the diabolical Reconstruction "Laws" had time to demonstrate their own infamy, and the poor negro had had the stage all to himself for awhile, the fierce fires of Abolitionism began to pale. But, in a corrupted Government, a lowered standard of morals, a despotism of the dollar, an ocean of poverty, fed by rivers of vice and crime; and a Black Peril which overshadows every white woman in the land, we see the awful consequences of Abolition fanaticism.

Now, *the Socialist movement is revolutionary*. The law

already cited is at work within it. The more violent are sure to control. Vainly, are honest men of moderate opinions commending unto themselves the assurance that Socialism is not one of the poisonous serpents, not one of the man-eating monsters, not one of the loaded guns. Vainly, do they imagine that they, the moderates, can join the Socialists, and not be drawn further than they now mean to go.

Easily, confidently, joyously they are taking their boat-ride, around the gentle outer currents of the whirl-pool. Not a thought have they of the swifter currents, and lessening circles which carry them to the raging, relentless, irresistible vortex.

And when you or I call to those thoughtless people in the boat—"Pull for the shore!—with all your strength—pull for the shore!" they laugh in derision of our alarm.

Why, *Karl Marx had to disband his original society*: he saw that the men of violence, of lawlessness, of blood-mindedness were gaining the upper hand!

In France, at this time, a Socialist editor and recognized leader, is under conviction and sentence for urging the reservists of the French Army to use the guns served out to them by the Government in attacking and killing the men of property—as preliminary action to the setting up of a new order of society. This Socialist leader, (Gustav Herve) calls himself an "internationalist"; claims that all men are "brothers", that armies and frontiers should be abolished, and that all property should be owned by "Society".

In the Socialist papers of this country, the terrible *Commune* which drenched Paris in its own blood, just after the Franco-Prussian War, is being held up to the admiration of our people. And in our cities—those of the North and West, particularly—Socialist invective of existing institutions, grows yearly more savage. Harangues in which the confiscation of property and the massacre of Capitalists are broached and wildly applauded.

Governor Joseph Folk and I sat on the platform, Labor Day, 1904, in Kansas City, Missouri, and listened to a Socialist agitator who addressed that large assemblage with an appeal like this:

"Who built all those huge houses? Who piled up all the wealth that we see around us? You did. It's yours. Go and take it. Not part of it—all of it. Not a loaf, but the whole

bakery". And the man was "cheered to the echo," in that *Southern* city!

How long can we afford to ignore the spread of Socialism?

How long will we neglect this dynamite that is being planted at the very bases of our institutions?

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

THERE are, in America, peculiarly insurmountable obstacles to Socialism.

The presence of ten or twelve millions of negroes, who in some of the States constitute a majority of the population, renders it absolutely impossible for communism to enter here. Such a gospel as that which proclaims the "emancipation of woman" from "marriage slavery", and which makes for the glorious change under which no child could prove who begot it, can make no headway in this country, outside of the big cities. And racial equality, so attractive a delusion to the European and Northern Socialist, can never take root in the land of the negro, and the low-caste immigrant.

There is another reason why the genuine doctrine of Socialism cannot be introduced into the United States: land is plentiful and cheap, *and will remain so*. The abandoned farm of New England, of New York, and of the older portions of the South is the unanswerable argument against the Socialist ravings about "Land monopoly". Access to land? It can be had in rural communities without the least difficulty. Any real estate dealer can lay before you a long list of properties which you can purchase at less than the value of the improvements. This fact is notorious, indisputable. Therefore, *the land costs nothing*. Texas and Oklahoma have millions of acres of school land, to be sold at low rates and on long terms.

There are, in the Southern States, as many acres of swamp and overflowed land, easily reclaimable, as we now have in cultivation. By drainage, which is now in progress, we will add hundreds of millions of acres to the arable area. By irrigation (a mistaken policy for the present) other millions will be added to those in cultivation. To the National Forest Reserve, 173,000,000 acres *were added*, by Gifford Pinchot. And when the dredging of the Florida Everglades is completed, several million families will be able to find homes and farms

in what has been a realm of mystery and desolation. Then there are, of course, the almost boundless supplies of land that lie under water in the States of the East, North and West, to say nothing of huge Canadian wilds and Mexican wastes which must wait long for home and farm-makers.

If the Socialist theory about land were correct, you would see the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Harrimans, the Vanderbilts, the Guggenheims, buying up land, to hold for speculative prices. These kings of high finance do not invest their money in real estate, either in the city or country. They secure control of the supply of money, of the corporations which enjoy the privilege of taxing commerce, of power sites and coal deposits, of gold mines and oil wells, of stocks and bonds. *By owning such properties as these, and by controlling legislation, THESE CAPITALISTS FARM THE MAN WHO OWNS THE LAND.* The Steel Trust alone, earns larger profits, every year, than the millions of people engaged in agricultural pursuits have ever earned any year since the Civil War. The people of this country are taxed for dividends on \$12,000,000,000 of fictitious capitalization in railroad stocks and bonds. At least \$50,000,000 of the annual revenue of the United States Steel Company is nothing but loot, made possible by the robber tariff enacted by Congress *for the purpose*. The same thing is true of the Sugar Trust, and scores of others. *The stocks and bonds which represent no actual investment of money at all, but upon which our infernal system of legislation compels us to pay interest, amounts at the lowest calculation, to twenty-four billion dollars.* The exploiters of Special Privilege confiscate by infamous laws, and convert to their own use, *all* of the annual increase of wealth. Besides this, the privileged are steadily absorbing the wealth produced by the generations that went before us. In other words, the unprotected masses lose to the protected class a larger percentage of their inherited property, every year.

But they don't want the burden and responsibility of owning the land. They may purchase princely domains for game preserves, and to enjoy a semi-royal exclusiveness in their palatial homes; but they do not add farm to farm and create a monopoly, as they do when gobbling railroads, mines, coal-fields, power-sites, banks, manufacturing establishments, telegraph and telephone companies. No, indeed: they leave the

landowner to worry over the troubles of proprietorship, and they systematically rob him of all his profits.

While editing the *New York Watson's*, I made the statement that there is no difference, in principle, between the private ownership of a cow, and the private ownership of a cow-lot. Thereat the Dervishes tore their hair, howled, and began to whirl. One of them, (Herbert Bigelow, of Cincinnati,) announced in the newspapers his intention of preaching a sermon, the next Sabbath, in refutation of my silly statement. In due course, he kept his word, and made hash out of me, to his own profound satisfaction.

His favorite illustration was, the advance in price of a city block. Referring to a lot in St. Louis, he stated that the cow did not sell at so much per front foot as the lot did. To his surprise chagrin, I *demonstrated that beef, in New York and Chicago, had outstripped real estate in the upward rush of prices!* With mathematical precision, you can prove that steak, as sold in the restaurants of the cities, is costlier than the costliest lot within the corporate limits.

Remember that title to land extends downward and reaches upward indefinitely, and remember how a sky-scraper is built, with several stories beneath the surface and fifteen or twenty above: then calculate the number of pounds of beef which would be required to fill the space; and then calculate its value, at restaurant prices! *You will be astonished at the result.*

The fact is, that *FARM-LAND IS THE CHEAPEST PROPERTY IN AMERICA*. Of all the necessities of life, it is the most accessible to mankind—excepting the air we breathe and the water we drink. On Staten Island, near New York City, lies vacant land that has lain untilled for many years; and in other portions of the same great State lie deserted farms which can be bought for a song. Could you prevail on a Socialist to quit wagging his tongue about “Land monopoly”, and buckle down to work, on some of that unoccupied soil? Never. He has his eye glued to the Astor estate, and his mouth waters for a slice of *that*. He doesn't mean to leave the hurly-burley of the human hive, and go out to the lonesome country to dig for a living. No, no: he has a horror of farm drudgery, and of rural silence and solitude. It would take a dray-horse and a half-inch hemp-rope to pull *him* out of town. And if you should drag him forth into the country, he wouldn't stay. He'd get back to New York or Chicago, if

he had to stump it, on one leg. To some people, the glare, the noise, the human interest of a large city is irresistibly fascinating, and your genuine Socialist has municipalitis in its acutest form.

This leads me to remind you of another thing: *Socialism is an urban epidemic. It is peculiar to great cities. The true doctrine makes no progress whatever in small towns and agricultural districts. Every one of the Socialist books addresses itself to city workmen and municipal conditions.* St. Simon, Fourier, Marx, Engels, LaSalle, Gorky, Bebel, Sinclair, Brisbane, Debs, Shaw,—in fact, every one of the recognized authorities on Socialism appears to ignore the entire industrial world, excepting the mills, the mines, the stock-yards, the department-stores, and the sweat-shops.

The "real thing" Socialism *was not meant for the farming classes, at all.* Hence, the bungling and blundering of the *Rip-Saw* and the *Appeal to Reason* in trying to fashion an urban creed to fit rural ideals. It would excite scorn and derision, were it not that it has deceived so many thousands of honest Populists, Democrats and Republicans in the South and West. The farmers of the North and East live in close touch with the cities and they know what Socialism is, *in the cities.* Aware of its true character, they will have none of it.

Another reason why Socialism can never prevail in this country is, that *independence* is an almost universal trait of American character. Deep down in your soul, is the resentment of *dictation*. You want to choose your own vocation, your own mode of living, your own domicile. You want to work *when* you please, *how* you please and *where* you please. Unless you can do so, you are not contented. *The desire* to be your own master is in you, struggling for expansion, like the wound-up spring which runs a piece of mechanism. Comparatively few men are so coerced by circumstances that they are wholly bereft of control of their own conduct. Comparatively few are deprived of freedom in the choice of work, manner of life and place of residence.

Under Socialism, individual liberty, in such matters, would be swept away. "Society", acting through Captains of Industry chosen by some system of selection, *would exert despotic control over you.* What work should be yours, how you should labor, the place of your abode—all such questions would

be decided by others, not by yourself. *The most distasteful task might be assigned you, and you'd have to do it.*

What is mankind's greatest trouble now, as it has ever been? It is *the inability of the human race to put its best men into places of trust, honor and power.* Bad men are constantly securing these positions, and perpetually using them to the injury of the people. But Socialism, neglectful of the awful experience of humanity in this particular, is proposing to invest the rulers with tremendous prerogatives which the imperial Cæsars never sought, which Oriental despotism never dreamed of, and *which only a just God could properly administer.*

What right have they to assume that they can master a problem in politics which baffled the Wise Men of Greece, the sages of Rome, the profoundest thinkers of antiquity and of modern times? They propose to give to their Captains vaster than Mogul emperor, or African king, or the mystic founders of religions ever arrogated to themselves—and *they do it with an optimistic levity equal to that of the little mischievous boy who sticks a match to something, just to see it burn.* Indeed, there runs a childish ignorance of patent facts and elemental human traits throughout the entire literature of Socialism. It actually recalled to my mind the idle pastime that we youngsters used to indulge in, when we were boys and girls: we would tell each other what we *would like to have*, if, by *wishing*, we could get what we most desired.

There is one question which is a particularly sore trial to the temper of the average Socialist. *Just ask him who will do the nasty work, under Socialism, and you'll see the circus begin a performance, right there and then.* It makes them awfully verbose, emphatic and violent. And, of course, they can't answer it. *They can duck and dodge, evade and parry; but they can't answer.* Under Socialism, certain men and women would be imperatively commanded to do the disagreeable work; and they would have to do it. Thus, the poet might have to clean out the stable, and the architect might have to dig a well; the carpenter might be compelled to go to the sewers, and the eloquent lady-lecturer might be ordered to the kitchen. If you will concentrate your thoughts on the subject, you will easily call to mind various other dirty work that *you* could not possibly do. And if you are a normal man, you will decide once for all, that *you never intend to embrace a*

doctrine which, if put into practice, would rob you of every particle of control over your own labor.

There is one very familiar illustration which will convince you that Socialism was never meant to apply to rural conditions, and that it cannot be so adjusted as to fit them. This is the well-known fact, *that the need for farm-help varies with the seasons of the year.* No uniformity can be established, as in manufacturing and commercial pursuits. In the cotton-fields a great increase in the labor force is indispensable during the chopping, hoeing, and picking seasons. In the other sections of the Union, the increased demand for workers comes on at the time of the planting and the harvest. *In none of the agricultural occupations is it possible to profitably employ the same amount of labor for the whole year.*

Now, how could Socialism deal with that problem? It would find the difficulty insurmountable. Under our system, the varying demand for toilers on the farm is met *automatically.* When additional hands are needed, they are drawn from other sources. The idle of the towns and villages are tempted into activity, by the coincidence of good wages, good weather and plenty of companionship. The cook, the lot-boy, the house-girl, the hired man, *break their contracts,* leave the housekeeper in the lurch, and go to the fields to earn three times as much per day, as they were getting during the Winter and early Spring for their monthly wages. They remained at the work, during the bad weather, enjoying the good eating and the comfortable shelter, which indoor work and jobs-about-the-house afford. But when the call-of-the-country comes, in May and June, good-bye to the indoor life. Even the washer-woman drops your laundry, and hies to the cotton patch.

During the push time of the hoe work, the negroes cash-in a sufficiency to carry them to the ripening of black and whortle berries, after which comes the cotton-picking season. Then they are in clover, again.

A commercial orchard is another good example: so is a truck farm. One or two men will suffice for these, some months; whereas scores of boys and adults are not enough during the period of gathering, assorting, crating, and shipping. In fact, the orange orchards, the tomato fields, the grapefruit groves, etc., are practically deserted part of the year. At other times, a small army of workers is engaged in a strenuous rush to cope

with the absolute necessities of a brief but imperative demand for labor.

How could the Socialist rulers deal with a crisis like that? How would communism meet sudden emergencies on the farm, in the commercial orchard, in the tobacco field, in the beet and cane industries, in the melon and trucking business? It would break down utterly, in the effort to do it.

Under Utopianism (another name for their day-dreaming) every one able to work, *must* work, or starve. Neither able-bodied vagrancy, nor accumulation of individual wealth is to be tolerated. Every man and woman will be usefully employed, earning a livelihood, working for Society. Every toiler will be assigned to his post by the Captains of Industry. When will the Captains issue their orders? Will it be at the beginning of the year? Let us suppose so. Then everybody will get his job handed out to him in January, and he will be busy on it when the farms cry for help. *From what source can the Captains draw the industrial troops to feed the firing line which is in distress? There is no surplus of labor, anywhere. No troops have been held in reserve.*

Workers cannot be sent away from the stores, the mills, the domestic service without the breaking of contracts and the infliction of great damage upon other portions of the common property. If we are to be permitted to hire servants, under Socialism, it would be wrong to compel us to surrender them before the contractual term is ended. If we are not to be allowed servants, all will work for Society, and all will be occupied with their tasks when the demands for a great increase of workers arises in the agricultural pursuits mentioned.

What would be the ultimate loss to Society, in the ordering of hundreds of thousands of men and women from mining, mechanical and manufacturing pursuits to the farms? *Who is to decide what industries shall suffer temporary suspension? Who will be clothed with despotic authority to order his fellowmen to and fro about the earth, dropping their work, here, and taking it up, yonder?* And suppose you are commanded to leave the shop, or the mine, or the store, to go into the cotton patch, the wheat field, the truck farm, or the peach orchard, *and that you don't want to go!* Can you be coerced? If so, how? And if you can be forced to drop a task that suits you—one that is congenial to you in all respects—and to take up a line of work that is thoroughly distasteful to you, what

becomes of your freedom of action? That would be an end to your liberty, would it not? Can you picture a state of things fraught with abuses, imposition, despotic arbitrariness? *Suppose your enemy got in power—you'd be in a dickens of a fix, wouldn't you?*

Let the Socialists take either horn of the dilemma: if they say that their Captains shall have the compulsory direction of laborers from one industry to another, we have them on the hip. Such an unheard-of dictation, by Society to the individual, *can only be enforced by an organized police, constabulary, or standing army.* That must be perfectly apparent to all who know what human nature is. And it must be equally self-evident that such a despotic control of individuals by those in control would establish the most tremendous monopoly of power ever known in the world. That it would be abused, would become insufferable, and would be overthrown in a revolutionary revulsion of public opinion, is as certain as anything could be. *The great white Teutonic race will never bend its neck to such slavery.*

But suppose they answer by saying that Socialism will not give the Captains the power to coerce. In that case, as you can see at a glance, *they will be unable to answer the call for auxiliary troops, in the crises of agricultural pursuits.* The automatic way in which our own system supplies those temporary and imperative demands having been abolished, there would be no substitutes to take its place. Socialism would have given every one a congenial job; and when the agriculturists yelled for assistance, his cries would pass unheeded.

There is still another overshadowing reason why Socialism will never capture anything but the cities. *The rural property-owner is going to cling to his land—GUN IN HAND, if necessary.* Paris and Marseilles and Toulouse may pulsate with Socialism, *but the French peasants repulse the doctrine.* They own their little farms—tens of thousands of them—and they detest the very thought of letting them go to a lot of city rangers, few of whom have any rational conception of what is the cause of their discontent, and none of whom could be induced to do the work of the home-owning peasant. *So it is in other parts of Europe: THE COUNTRY PEOPLE HAVE NOT TOUCHED SOCIALISM.*

In the United States, there are thousands of home-owners who have had *old-fashioned democracy* presented to them, un-

der the name of Socialism; and they have embraced it. They are as yet intensely irritated at my alleged "unfairness" and "misrepresentations". They will learn in due time, that I have been rendering them, as well as others, a valuable service by letting them know *to what destination is bound the train they have taken.*

Editors, like those of the *Appeal*, who are driven to the desperate extremity of disowning Herr Bebel, *the supreme, world-figure among the leaders of Socialism*, furnish evidence of the correctness of my contention. They know, as well as I do, that when our farmers come to realize what the loathsome doctrine of Socialism actually is, they will drop it, as they would any other thing that is obscene, filthy and socially ruinous.

* * * * *

With a resolution which nothing can shake, *I take my stand for the ideals of the Old South.* For the law and order which makes for the equitable distribution of prosperity, I will work until the curtain falls, as hard as the grand statesmen of antebelum years worked for them. *"WE HAVE NO POOR!"* cried Legare, McDuffie and Calhoun. They told the God's truth. Under the democracy of Jefferson and Jackson and Benton, *breadlines and armies of unemployed were impossible.* Those noble-hearted, great-minded men *did not frame up Dingley and Aldrich tariffs to enable one class to steal from the others.* They did not form a copartnership between the rich men and the national treasury. *They did not pack the Senate and the Cabinet with rascally lawyers.* They did not establish a secret alliance between the Pope and the United States Government. They did not go in for an imitation of European aristocracy, caste-legislation and militarism. *They did not surrender the sovereign power to create money.* They did not consider it an honor to mortgage and remortgage the republic with bond issues. They did not keep \$150,000,000 of idle gold in the treasury, *to remove it from competition with a Morgan money-trust.* They did not make war on Spain for the purpose of surrendering the gem of the Antilles to a horde of negroes; nor did they shed precious blood in the Philippines, in the interest of the Sugar Trust and the Catholic hierarchy.

No, indeed! The magnificent Southern leaders—*whose mantle I pray God may yet descend upon shoulders worthy to*

wear! spent their days in anxious thought and earnest labor for the welfare of the country, the happiness of their fellow-men.

Here, I choose my ground: here, I form my line of battle: here, I fly the flag of revolt against misrule and public corruption. And the people are going to come, sooner or later. I may not live to see it. My heart may be dust, long before the good times return—yet nothing but a Voice from on high could make me waver in the belief that the Southern ideals will come again. They must, or the last of the great republics is doomed. But the people are coming.

Almost as the sick girl of the beleaguered and despairing city caught the distant drone of the bagpipes, and cried, "*The Campbells are coming*", so a great, uplifting faith wells within me, and sustains me in the fight that I am making. Our Lucknow has been sorely beset; but I can catch the steady foot-beat of the determined men who are marching to the rescue. Thieves have defiled the temple and traitors have been rioting in the rich rewards of treason but, by the splendor of God! *honest men are not all dead.*

The Civil War brought its demoralization, as well as its havoc and slaughter; *but the flood-mark of rascality in high places has been attained. The muck-tide is falling. The Trusts have overreached themselves. They have gone too far. When such swine as those now in charge of the Government bask insolently in the spoils of office; betray the people to the Trusts; turn over the nation's property to such scoundrels as Ballinger, Wickersham and Dickinson; surrender the law-making to such robbers as those who organized the Electric-power combine, the Woolen schedule, the Sugar and the Tobacco trusts, the Morgan confederation, with its "dollar diplomacy", the sleeping republic leaps to its feet, to sleep no more, until we have run the rascals out.*

We don't need a new system of Government! We don't need a bloody revolution! *We don't need nasty foreign "isms" and nostrums. What we need, and mean to have! IS OLD-FASHIONED DEMOCRACY*, with its golden rule of "*Equal rights for all, and special privileges for none*". We had it once, and we were happy. A beggar was something unknown. A blazing sword suspended between the heavens and the earth would have excited less amazement than an American beggar, in the ante-bellum period, would have excited in the streets of our

cities. *So testified Charles Dickens, and none disputed his word.*

Why cannot we have that kind of government, again? *It was not the product of New England. It did not rest on Plymouth Rock. It heralded from Jamestown, and was the direct descendant of the Virginia Legislature of 1619—before the Puritans ever showed sour faces in Massachusetts.*

The old Whig ideals of England—that's what it was—the democracy of Charles Fox, of Samuel Romilly, of Henry Van, of Algernon Sidney, of Pym and Hampden. From the hands of these friends of the common people, the torch was taken by Patrick Henry, Dabney Carr, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson. From these, it came in full blaze into the hands of Nathaniel Macon, the Rutledges, William H. Crawford, George M. Troup, Thomas Benton, John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie and Andrew Jackson.

From these, it passed onward to Robert J. Walker, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, John T. Morgan, Zebulon Vance and George Vest. *These heroic figures would not bend the knee to the Baal of post-bellum commercialism and rotten politics.* They resisted, but were unable to stem, the turbid tide. They are gone, and they have had no successors. Not a single Southern man in public life now remembers the Southern tradition. Not one of them offers a scheme of constructive statesmanship. We had just one who was strong enough to fight our battles, and he has enrolled himself under the banners of the Pirates. He flies the Jolly Roger. *And the angels in Heaven—they who love the South—must have wept, when Joseph Weldon Bailey allowed Dave Francis to take him aboard the buccaneer vessel of John D. Rockefeller.* But a new spirit is alive in the land. A breath of resurrection is troubling the waters. From pulpit and pew, from lecture platform and editorial room, from the hustings to legislative chambers, strange messengers are speeding; and these are bearing the glad tidings of a glorious dawn.

It is coming! It is coming! Thank God, the day is breaking, at last!

The night has been long, and the darkness deep. Sometimes, we were full of despair. It seemed as though the revel of the evil spirits would last forever. The public mind seemed strangely dull. The public conscience seemed strangely seared. The public heart seemed strangely cold.

But all the apathy, the discouragement, the tame submission, the cowardly inertia is passing away. Day is breaking, and the foul creatures of the night are slinking to their holes.

Presently, the hour-hand will point toward the meridian: *the second term of Cleveland and the single term of Taft will be recalled as hideous nightmares which came upon us as we slept.* Robbers of the Carnegie-Rockefeller-Gould-Vanderbilt-Havemeyer-Guggenheim-Morgan type *will be treated like horse-thieves of the Border.* The Government will resume the sovereign function of coining money. Free trade will be the slogan of democracy, and the harbinger of national prosperity. Public utilities will be owned and operated by the public. The people will directly elect their Federal Senators and *judges.* The Initiative and Referendum will restore to the people the control over legislation; and the Recall, over office-holders. We will free the nation from its public debt, abolish about 100,000 offices, cut the expenses of Government in two; repeal the Dick military law; put a stop to the extravagancies of militarism; abolish sweatshops and child slavery; arouse every community to a full sense of responsibility for its own destitute and illiterate people; deprive the negro of his political privileges, and put none but white men and women in the public service.

All of this is rational and possible. None of it is revolutionary. *Every part of the program has been put to the test of actual experiment, with results most satisfactory.* With these reforms going into effect, every well-founded criticism which Socialists level at our system will disappear—as rapidly and as completely as the shades of night vanish before the rising sun.

REASONING WITH AN OLD POPULIST WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF A SOCIALIST

DEAR SIR:—I read your *People's Party Paper* in the Nineties from the first issue to the last. I read your *New York Watson's Magazine* from the first issue to the issue when Thomas Watson personally, as editor, went out. Also your *Jeffersonian Magazine* from its first issue to January 1, 1909. I have also been a subscriber to your weekly *Jeffersonian* from its first issue to the present time.

I wish to say that all of these have been interesting and entertaining to me in many respects, and I have admired your style and ability in showing up the corruption that prevails throughout the present capitalist sys-

tem. In this you have done a grand work along the lines of educating your readers, on the economic and industrial conditions that now confront the whole people and oppress the poor who labor and toil to produce the wealth of this nation while the rich revel in pleasures and luxuries. I have long been a student of these conditions, and the more I study and look into their causes and effects, the more I wonder how and why the masses of the people have been so completely deceived for so long a time.

I was a Populist from 1891 to the fusion act of 1896. I still indorse those principles so far as they go on the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth. Since the fusion or selling out of the Populist party, I have been reading and studying the principles of Socialism, as laid down in its platforms and authentic declarations. I find that the Populist party was only a reform party, dealing with *EFFECTS*, while Socialism goes to the root of the cause of unjust distribution of wealth, and offers the only remedy, through a system of industry and government, under which no person would have power to rob another person through and by the simple fact of *OWNERSHIP*. I have been a close reader of your onslaughts upon Socialism, and in nothing is the weakness of your apology for capitalism more vividly portrayed than in said criticism and misrepresentation. A common characteristic of your warfare against Socialism is the setting up of a man of straw, labeling him "Socialism," and then proceeding to knock him down. And in order to do this job you conjure up all the personal weaknesses and shortcomings of a few individuals who somewhere or at some time may have advocated Socialism, Communism or Anarchism, and parade them as the regular orthodox teachings of Socialism. The national platform of the Socialist party, adopted by the membership on a referendum vote, and all standard English authorities everywhere as to what Socialism is and what it proposes, you pass by as matters of no moment. Could anything be more unfair? In your efforts to demolish Socialism you quote Herr Bebel and a few other individuals who have given their private views in regard to the marriage relations, and you hold up the entire Socialist party before the world as teaching such doctrines. Must every man who ever affiliated with the Populist party believe and advocate everything that Tom Watson believes and advocates, on all subjects, in order to establish his claim to having been a Populist?

Socialism does not consist of beliefs and theories on subjects outside the realm of economics, and I can't understand why you have dodged a discussion of the principles and demands of Socialism as laid down in the platform of the Socialist party, and gone off in search of objectionable things written at various times on other topics, unless it is because you can find nothing in the Socialist principles and demands upon which you can afford to make war before a people fast becoming enlightened. You discard and dismiss the Socialist platform by saying that it was made to "catch votes." That platform was made by direct vote of the membership of the Socialist party, and not by a convention of delegates; and do you say that the rank and file of any political party in America would make a platform solely with a view to "catching votes?" Besides, how can the Populist party escape the same charge with reference to the motive that prompted the adoption of its platforms? You seem to forget that a Socialist State would be but the expression of a majority of the people composing it. The people could have only that which a majority of them wished. Question: Are you in favor of a majority of the people ruling in this country? If a majority in the Populist party had put a plank in their platform demanding government ownership of all the land, and that no man should control any more than he and his family could work with their own hands would you have agreed to it?

If Socialists wanted a state of society in which "free love" and illicit

sex associations prevailed, they certainly would support the present state. No one will deny that there may be individual Socialists who favor the abolition of marriage laws. There are also individual Democrats, Republicans and Populists who share the same private opinion, but that does not commit those political parties to that doctrine. I ask you to state your opinion as to whether the masses of people in the Socialist movement are more unfaithful as husbands, or less true as wives, than the people who compose other political parties? State also whether you think they can be led away from the narrow path more easily than people whose politics commit them to the capitalist system. Is there anything in their conduct to warrant such infamous charges as you make?

The same tactics were employed against Populism that you are now using against Socialism, as you very well know. You are fighting Socialism with the same weapons that the Democrats used against you nearly twenty years ago, and this absurd attitude which you have gotten into has robbed me of my former confidence in your sincerity of purpose. In 1908 you published as a fact that W. J. Bryan, the Democratic nominee for President, had educated his son and daughter in a mixed school of whites and blacks, in Nebraska, and that he gave annually \$250 to that school. Did that fact commit the Democratic party of the nation to negro equality? You have charged a few Populists with selling out the party. If your charge is true, did their treacherous act commit the whole Populist party to an indorsement of such sale? The answer to these questions will show your inconsistency and the absurdity of your style of opposing Socialism.

You Mr. Watson, wholly overlook the fact that the Socialists of today have been, and the Socialists of the future must be, made out of Democrats, Republicans and Populists—practically the only source of new material. Are all the people who have left and are leaving those old parties free lovers? Can you cite a Socialist platform—city, State or national—which, if enacted into law, would even tend toward free love? If so, I ask you to cite me to it.

Your charge that Socialism would be antagonistic to religion is manufactured. If men and women were freed from industrial slavery, do you really think that a drifting away from their religious moorings would follow as a result? If involuntary poverty were removed and every worker received the full social value of that which his work produced, the masses of humanity would have more time and mental composure to devote to religion than they now have, and this is about all that Socialism means in regard to religion. Who can practice the teachings of Jesus and His apostles under the present system of business and industry, wherein all is competition and war between individuals and classes; where those who succeed must do so at the expense of those who fail; where a premium is placed upon dishonesty, intrigue and deception; where millionaires become such because the millions of workers are made poor; where the indolent and lazy live on the wealth produced by honest toil; where industrious men build the fine houses and idle men live in them; where workers till the soil and harvest the crops, and the shirkers enjoy the fruits? Only when exploitation through private ownership shall be abolished will Christianity, as taught by Christ and His apostles, become practical in everyday life. Only under Socialism can that Scripture be carried out, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

Again, you charge the Socialists with wanting to "divide up." This charge is absurdity upon its face. How could Socialists divide up all the railroads and factories and mines, etc.? Socialists demand the *COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP* of these things—the very opposite of what you charge. Socialists do not demand a division of private wealth or the abolition of private property, but they do demand the social ownership of productive property, or property used as a means of producing wealth, instead of

such productive property being privately owned as now, and used by the owners to exploit the workers out of all but about one-sixth of what they produce. Capitalism is founded and perpetuated upon the exploitation of the workers for the enrichment of the owners of these means of production, and therefore violative of the right of every man to possess and enjoy the full fruit of his toil, which right no human being can attempt to deny on any ethical ground.

In conclusion, Mr. Watson, I affirm that Socialism proposes a clearly defined system of government, which system is purely and thoroughly democratic. It proposes a government of the people, by the people and for the people. To secure and maintain this, it stands for five distinct political principles:

(1) Universal suffrage—the equal political rights of both men and women.

(2) Elections by direct vote—the election of all officers or servants of the people by the direct and majority vote of the people.

(3) The initiative—the privilege and right held by the people to introduce into law-making bodies any measure they may desire, and demand action thereon.

(4) The referendum—the privilege and power of the people to vote in final action upon any measure passed by any law-making body before that measure can become a law.

(5) The imperative mandate—the right and power of the electors to recall from office any officer who for any reason, may fail to carry out the will of his constituency.

The Socialists have adopted and are acting upon these principles in the government and management of their own political party, for it is pure democracy. Can you show, with all of your ability, that it is otherwise?

Very truly yours,

M. A. DRINKARD.

Snyder, Texas, Route 2.

ANSWER.

(1) Mr. Drinkard is in error when he asserts that Socialism goes to the root of the cause of the unjust distribution of wealth and offers the only remedy, etc.

Socialism does not go to the root of anything, whatsoever.

Every political economist knows that a man-contrived system of devilish finance is responsible for three-fourths of our troubles; but Socialism does not go to the root of the matter. In fact, *Socialists are afraid to discuss finance.*

Again, there is the question of unequal and unjust taxation, by which certain men shape legislation in such a way as to confiscate to their own use the property of others, and to cast upon others an undue proportion of the expenses of government.

But does Socialism go to the root of this evil? Not at all: *it is utterly ignored.*

How then can Mr. Drinkard claim that Socialism goes to the root of our troubles? Inasmuch as a wholly different form of government and society is proposed by the Socialists, they

raise no question of "roots", at all—unless, indeed, the pulling up of all our existing institutions by the roots, and planting promiscuous communism instead, can properly be decreed as going to the roots.

As for the Remedy, it is infinitely worse than the disease. Mr. Drinkard refers—as was to be expected—to the rich men living in houses that others built, the bad men in office, the scandals of private and public life, the destitution among so many of our people, etc.

Well, I am constantly preaching on those texts myself; but my endeavor is to prove that *these conditions grow out of the abuses* which have crept into our system, and not out of the system itself.

No sane man puts an end to his life because malignant germs invade his body and make him sick. The thing to do is to send for the doctor. In such a case, we reason with ourselves, thus:

"Yesterday, the day before, and for months, I was in perfect health: now I feel badly, my head aches and I am feverish; following that ague which shook me slightly this evening: something is wrong with my system: the Doctor will give me the right medicine, and I will get well, as I was before this attack came on."

Now, this is my way of looking at our national troubles. My reading of our history teaches me that *we once had the best Government the world ever saw. There was no national poverty. We had neither beggars nor millionaires. There was no army of unemployed, no white slave traffic, no corporation rule, no crime waves. Public officials were generally honest, and private morals were generally pure. Those were the times of a grand simplicity, in Church and State.*

But the Civil War came on, and during the four years when armies were clashing, the corporations secured control of the Government and the law-making power. They have been in control ever since; and they have made things worse and worse for the common people.

But, if the laws which brought these conditions were repealed, *as they will be*, the tree would once again bear the good fruit of the olden time.

Mr. Drinkard believed this when he was a Populist, *but has changed*. He mustn't be too hard on me for remaining steadfast—as he did not.

Mr. Drinkard complains that I have misrepresented So-

cialism. Not at all. If he does not believe in the doctrines which have been held up to scorn and loathing, in this magazine, *he is not a Socialist*, and should not be offended. *Why wear a cap that doesn't fit?*

Never have I stated that people calling themselves Socialists in agricultural sections of the South and West were enemies to our Marital Relation, to the Home, and in favor of Racial and Social Equality. On the contrary, I have said, repeatedly, that these so-called Socialists do not know what Socialism really is; and that they would renounce the name, if the true nature of Socialism were explained to them. They take a modified form of democracy and call it Socialism. Their calling it so, does not make it so.

You could not get an honest European Socialist, or one from our big cities, to agree with Mr. Drinkard. Nor can you get one of them to dispute what I have said, *is Socialism*.

How can Mr. Drinkard bring himself to believe that he is better posted on this subject than I am? How can he convince himself that I would knowingly misrepresent the facts? In the long run, it hurts a public man, or a newspaper, to be dishonest—and the *Appeal* is going to find that out, as the secular press is doing.

If I were not a perfectly fair debater, would such a letter as Mr. Drinkard's be published in this book? Let him try to get the *Appeal* to print his letter and my reply. *They dare not do it. The Girard gang dare not allow their dupes to see the other side.*

To whom did I go for knowledge of what Socialism is? To its recognized founders and representative leaders; to its literature and its manifestos. In my studies for "The Story of France", I came in contact with its modern origin in Rousseau, Marat, Chaumette, Babœuf, St. Simon, Proudhon and Fourier. (My public stand against it dates back to 1891, when I assailed it in the paper to which Mr. Drinkard refers.)

When one adopts the Proudhon proposition that "*all property is robbery*", one is ready for anything. No shore-line is left. No stopping-place can be reached. One's mind is afloat, rudderless and mastless, upon uncharted, illimitable seas. The drearily elaborate effort of Karl Marx and Engels and La Salle to bring order out of the Socialist chaos—which was without form and void—utterly failed. Bebel has merely added to the confusion; and *Eugene Debs is as crazy as a loon.*

Like religious fanaticism, the missionary craze, the suffragette fad, or compulsory vaccination madness, the continued study of Socialism develops the abnormal and the irrational.

But think of the *Appeal* and Mr. Drinkard virtually disowning Herr Bebel, *the high-priest, who has for thirty years been the Moses of the movement!* What distress they must be in, when they have to repudiate the most widely and universally accepted apostle that Socialism has had since the day of Karl Marx!

Were Clay and Webster good authorities on Whiggery? Were Benton and Jackson good witnesses to prove what Democracy meant? Was John Wesley competent to testify as to Methodism? Was Spurgeon qualified to speak for the Baptists?

None of these leaders was better equipped to expound his creed than is Herr Bebel to set forth the principles and the purposes of Socialism.

Has Mr. Drinkard ever read the Bible of the European and American-city Socialists? That Bible is Karl Marx's book, "Capital". Has Mr. Drinkard ever read Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism"? *Does he know that the Socialists of our cities enthusiastically indorse both of these crazy books? Does he know that the women who officially represent the National Socialist Party sent to Bebel, on his last birthday, a message of the most glowing description, signing the eulogy in their official character?*

Has he ever read "A Socialist Wedding", and the speeches made at this so-called "Wedding"—which was nothing more than a public confession made by a married man and a single woman that they had been living, secretly, in a state of fornication and adultery; and that they meant to live that way *publicly*, in the future? They had got caught, you see, and it was necessary for them to do something. So they stood up, and said that their union had long been a fact "in the heart of God"; and that they would live together as man and wife thenceforward. No vows were taken, no pledges made, no ceremony performed. They merely stood up and *confessed their shame*. Following this confession, enthusiastic addresses were delivered by Richard LeGallienne, Bolton Hall and a few others. Excepting Bolton Hall, *the speakers were representative Socialists*. Women were present, with poetry prepared for the glorious occasion. *They, one and all, acclaimed*

this "wedding" as thoroughly Socialistic. There was no marriage-license, no record made, no contract entered into, no rite of any kind. The whole nasty affair was equivalent to a verbal statement by Herron and Carrie Rand that they had felt a sexual desire for each other and had gratified it. Having been detected in their illicit relations, they meant thereafter to live openly together. They are now doing it—IN ITALY, I'm happy to say.

Herron, Richard LeGallienne and Gorky are as well known, as orthodox Socialists, as Taft is known to be a Republican. *Each one of these men scout the marital relation, as we know it. So does Upton Sinclair—of world-wide Socialist fame. Maxim Gorky deserted his Russian wife, took up with an actress, and brought her over here with him, when he visited this country several years ago. It excited his surprise when he realized, as he soon did, how the average American views conduct of that kind. But Gorky met with no criticism at the hands of the city Socialists of the United States. There is reason to believe that they are putting the Bebel-Gorky-Herron doctrine into practise.*

Now, why should Mr. Drinkard go voluntarily into bad company? Why does an honest former-Populist voluntarily mix himself up with such an immoral crew? Why meddle with such a mess?

It is most improper for Mr. Drinkard to compare my war on Socialism to the methods used by the two old parties against the Populists. In both THE JEFFS, the Socialists are given liberal space. If they could refute me, they would. If such an author of books as Herron, or Sinclair, or Hillquit, or Gorky, or Richard LeGallienne could show that I had lied about them, *they would joyfully accept the challenge which has appeared for months on the back-cover of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.*

Mr. Drinkard must not think that I mean *him*, and the other honest Texans who have called themselves "Socialists", through mistake. My attack is not against *them*. It is against the imposters and hypocrites who have deceived them. The principles of the 20,000 Texans who have been duped on the lies of the *Appeal*, do not constitute Socialism. Those principles, save as to communism in land, are pretty much the same as my own. *I have no war to make on those men. My sole aim is to show them how they have been duped. I want them*

to see Socialism, as it really is. When they do, they will drop the vile thing, and despise the *Appeal* for doping them!

Mr. Drinkard's reference to Bryan's son and daughter, *who were educated with the negroes*, is especially unhappy for his side of the discussion. My preachment in 1908 was meant to convince the Southern Democrats that they could not afford to support Bryan: that his social equality practices put him beyond the pale: that a rich white man who could easily afford to send his son and daughter to a white man's college should not have entered them in a University where negro students were. That point came too late—for the facts reached me too late. But I make this prediction: *Bryan has better sense than to run, for President, any more. He can't navigate without Southern support; and he knows that the South is done with him.*

As to Free Love and Religion, Mr. Drinkard is far from base. When the husband and father is deposed from the headship of the family: when his parental responsibilities and duties are usurped by society; when it becomes the duty of Society, instead of the husband, to support the wife—the Home is in ruins. With the foundations gone, the structure topples.

Substitute verbal agreements for the written license and the formal ceremony which goes to record, and the women would be absolutely at the mercy of that naturally polygamous animal, Man!

With the home destroyed, and the women reduced to the position of the cows in the herd, what support would remain for Religion?

Good God! how blind the Drinkards are!

Now as to "dividing up": let us see whether Mr. Drinkard is right about *that*.

Suppose that he owned all the stocks and bonds of "all the railroad companies, factories, mines, etc."; and suppose that he generously made over all the property to the 90,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, reserving only an equal share for himself. What would that be? If it isn't "division", what is it? The property which belonged to Drinkard would have been "divided up", among all of us. I did not say, nor mean, that the Socialists propose that each man be given a *separate* share of the wealth owned by the property owners. What I said, and repeat, is that those who now own nothing would come in

for an equal interest in the national estate. And that is true. *Communism*—which Mr. Drinkard calls by the less odious name of *Collectivism*—*proposes to "divide up", in exactly the same way as though your store, or mill, or mine, or farm, which now belongs solely to you, were conveyed to you and to everybody else, as Tenants in Common.* Is it possible that Mr. Drinkard is too far gone to see this?

Mr. Drinkard has been stung by that awful word "*Capitalism*".

Does he know that it grew out of necessity? Karl Marx himself concedes that Capitalism was born when the aboriginal savage seized a stone, or a club, and slew a wild animal with it. He admits that this savage was the original capitalist. From this primitive stage, the system evolved until slings, spears, bows and arrows were invented. Then came domestic utensils, agricultural tools, nets and boats and better dwelling places. *This was Capitalism.* Was it hurting Society? No, it wasn't. It was civilization coming—as Man improved himself by discoveries and inventions.

Not until the law stepped in, and created special privileges, which produced monopolies, did Capitalism ever harm a human being. *Is it not clear that all we need to do is to remove the cause which diseased Capitalism?*

In spite of all the terrible abuses which prevail in Europe and America, *the non-capitalistic nations are the backward nations.* Russia is not much afflicted with Capitalism, but is the scandal and disgrace of the Occidental world.

Turkey, India, and China cannot be called the victims of Capitalism; but we wouldn't exchange places and conditions with them. Capitalism, itself, is enormously advantageous, when Special Privilege is kept out. *And if the American people are not capable of ejecting such a comparatively recent new-comer as Special Privilege, how can any sensible man believe that Capitalism itself can be driven out?*

It is as old as the human race, has its foundations in human wants and necessities, conforms to human nature, is consistent with the natural laws in operation throughout the animal kingdom—and *is here to stay.*

As to Mr. Drinkard's platform, his first plank proves that he is hopelessly astray, and blind with the sightlessness of one who will not see.

Universal suffrage, as a panacea for social disease, is mere

charlatanry. There is no equality of races, or of sexes. The brown, yellow and black peoples who are citizens of this country, or who may hereafter become so, ought never to be allowed to vote, or participate in affairs of government—either national, state or municipal. Women have no business to intermeddle in politics. If they should agree with the men-folks of the family, the results would be the same as though they did not vote. If they should disagree, it would play the very Old Harry with the peace, harmony and happiness of families. The idea of a Southern man—outside of the lunatic asylum—favoring suffrage for negro women! The idea of a sane white man—in the South! saying, in effect, that he wants his negro cook to have the power to kill his vote with hers! It is enough to make a buzzard heave. Do the other 20,000 Texans who have been doped on the *Appeal*, want the negro women to have the ballot? I do not believe it.

Mr. Drinkard asks me whether I favor majority rule. My answer is that of every other intelligent person who has not taken leave of his senses. Within the limits of our laws and institutions, I favor the rule of the legally ascertained majority. But the man who, impliedly, says that he wants constitutional limitations abolished, Bills of Right cancelled, Magna Charta annulled, in order that an unrestrained despotism of King Mob shall begin its march to Chaos and Old Night, simply doesn't know what he is talking about. *What would the unchecked reign of a majority do in South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, where the blacks outnumber the whites? What would it do in greater New York where the Haves are vastly inferior numerically to the Have Nots? What would it do, in any great city?* Where is even the rural community which could afford to trust itself to the unbridled control of the passions, prejudices, sympathies and fickleness of a majority? It does not exist. In every civilized country on the globe is felt the necessity of setting limits beyond which majorities shall not encroach upon the rights of individuals, or legislate to the injury of the true interests of Society.

I say nothing against "elections by direct vote", for it is a democratic principle.

As to the Initiative and Referendum, it must be applied with reference to our system of government and the apportionment of power therein made. In a general election, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other large states, should not be given

any greater preponderance than they now enjoy. *And the equality of states in the Senate must be inviolably preserved.* We can't allow the numerical superiority of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Illinois to dictate to us here in the South. Nor does the West mean to take her laws from the North and East.

The imperative mandate being also Populistic, meets my hearty approval. Were Mr. Drinkard better posted, he would know that Socialism does not contemplate offices, courts, jails, legislatures, Congresses, Cabinets or officers of any kind. There is to be a glorious revolution which will sweep existing laws and institutions away. The unchained majority is to rule, without statutes or officials to enforce them. Everybody is to become Angelic, and to stay Good. We are not to have anything in the world save Peace and Plenty, Sweetness and Light. Even the serpents will become doves. Wolves are going to apologize to the sheep, and eat grass for a living. The lion will repose beside the lamb, without any thought of how well he likes mutton. The tiger will cultivate an appetite for a diet of nuts, milk and branch-water. The spider will disentangle the fly from the meshes of the web, and release him to life and liberty. The billy-goat will muffle his horn, and butt, when forced to it, with the other end. The cat and the canary will vie with each other in meekness and melody; and the duck will insure the safety and the life of the June bug. The mule will accept the situation without a kick; and the fox, without a sigh for the goose. Even human nature is going to lose its meanness, for Socialism is going to make Man after *its* own image, to replace the Man that God made.

* * * * *

As to eliminating competition, we might as well speak of stopping the movement of the waves upon the ocean, of the clouds in the sky. How would strength be developed, were there no rivalry, no competition? If you are *strong* it is because you have to do battle with circumstances and competitors. If I am strong, it is because I have been a fighter, from my youth up. As long as the contest is a fair one, nobody is wronged. The loser pays—that's all. Over the whole universe is written by the hand of Jehovah the stern old Roman adage *vae victis*—woe to vanquished. Good heavens! How bat-like these Socialists are! They ignore the simplest facts that lie right before their eyes. On the earth, in the sea, in the air, is

the fiercest competition, going on by night and by day. The race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. Nature has no pity, no hate, no love. She smites all who violate her laws, whether we know what those laws are, or not. You violate some unwritten rule as to health; and down you go, no matter how good and useful your life may be. The Pestilence does not spare the righteous: Famine takes no account of your faith: Misfortune never separates sheep from goats. "Obey my laws, or perish", is the inexorable command of Nature. The man who fails to see this is either hopelessly stupid, or the victim of hereditary superstition. Be honest with yourself, Reader. See things as they are. Be as hopeful as you can; work, like fighting fire, to make the world better; *but don't envelop yourself in delusions.*

Competition is the law of life, and the survival is to *the fittest*. Ever and ever, Nature works to get rid of the feeble. Ever and ever, she labors to evolve the perfect. *The wisdom of the sages has been devoted to the fixing of the rules which govern competition; and so long as those rules are followed, competition is as natural and as harmless as the flow of the sap and the birth of the flowers.*

Work! Without haste and without rest. *WORK!* All nature cries it. The constellations on high proclaim it. The restless tides of the seas, bear witness to it. The bounding blood in our veins, the crowding thoughts in our minds, the eager longing in our souls are ever present, never failing reminders that *the Hymn of Life sounds the order for the battle and the march.* The muffled drums within us beat the everlasting *Reveille*; and with the sun of each day, begins the fight anew.

Abolish all this? *How could we?* The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and *humanity cannot escape its own limitations.*

Co-operation on a small scale is a perfect success. Why? *Because it competes.* It brings the power of unionized effort to bear against individual enterprise. But no Socialist experiment ever succeeded. It has been tried, over and over again, both in America and in Europe, in ancient as well as modern times. Wayland himself chose a nice lot of human angels, and tried his fad at Ruskin, Tennessee. He discovered that his cherubs were just human bipeds, and Ruskin failed to become a Paradise. Instead, there was a lovely row among the Elect,

and the colony was torn to pieces by factions. Scores of times, carefully selected men and women, who imagined themselves congenially altruistic, have turned their self-complacent backs upon us common clod-hoppers, and gone off to themselves to make a Garden of Eden. But never have they succeeded in making one. The serpent invariably enters; and it is the old story of Paradise Lost.

If the *selected colonies* fail to make a success of Socialism, *how could the miscellaneous mass do it?* If elemental human traits bring dismal failure to the chosen, congenial, altruistic groups, how can a person gifted with ordinary common-sense bring himself to believe that a similar experiment would succeed, when made with all the wicked people taken into the venture? If Socialism meets with invariable failure, *when tried by the best people*, could you reasonably expect better results from it, when *the worst people* are included in the venture?

If we can imagine Socialism tried on, at this time, think of the men and women who would be automatically made your equals. Your wife and daughters would be instantly lowered to the social, political and industrial level of the vilest hags of the slums. You, yourself, would be put upon the same plane as the toughs, the bums, the thugs, the gutter-snipes, the criminals and the paupers. Think of being placed on equality with the hellians who are engaged in the White Slave traffic! Think of glad-handing with your "Brother" the Digger or Ponca Indian, to whom a feast of mangy, "undrawn" dog is a deliciously rare event! Think of your sweet wife, and daughter, giving the embrace to her "Sister", the procuress, who prowls about hunting for prey to drag to negro dens! The very thought is maddening. Bad as conditions are, they are as far removed from the Bottomless Pit of Socialism, as Heaven is from Hell.

The altruistic dreamers, like Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phelps-Stokes, live beautiful lives, and cherish the generous illusion that human perfectibility is attainable. If I'm not mistaken, the Socialists of the Fred Warren and Haywood type, call such men and women Parlor Socialists. There are quite a number of these noble-minded dreamers.

Another distinct class is composed of former Democrats, Republicans and Populists, to whom Socialism has been pre-

sented as Jeffersonian democracy, modified to suit existing conditions.

But the bulk of the followers of the Red Banner is made up of Have-nots, who want just such a "divide up" as has been described. They are Goths, Huns, Vandals, who lust for loot. You needn't doubt it. They are won to Socialism, not by its theory, but because of their craving for what more fortunate people own and enjoy. The French Socialists are preaching the fiercest, frankest confiscation. In Germany, it is the same. The battle is not so much of rival creeds as of conflicting interests. When a few million immigrants, who haven't been here long enough to get the foreign twist out of their tongues, go to parading the streets, carrying the Red Flag and chanting the Marseillaise, it is not a theory that makes them do it. No theory could convince the intelligence of these newly-arrived foreigners that they have any natural right to a share in the wealth they find here. They are governed by their passions, not their reason. It is cupidity that controls them, not altruism. They care no more about the fine-spun theories of Karl Marx than Alaric and Attila cared for the Justinian Code, or the Nicene Creed.

These men cannot be driven back by arguments. The only method of dealing with such barbarians is to have the guns ready and the powder dry. And the man behind the gun must be American-born; for the time is surely coming when he who is in command must issue the order, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight."

(NOTE:—While this chapter was in press, Clarence Darrow, a Chicago Socialist of national fame, went to New York to address the negroes at Cooper Union. He told the coons that the solution of the race question is, *the inter-marriage of blacks and whites*. *THAT IS SOCIALISM*. The lunatics stand for what they call "the solidarity of the human race", and the equality of all mankind.)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A SOCIALIST WEDDING

BEING THE ACCOUNT OF THE

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE D. HERRON AND CARRIE RAND

We were gathered together *we of the inner circle of comradeship*, on the last Saturday evening of May. Outside our doors the rain beat down, but within the mellow light fell on a room decked by the skill of the craftsman and aglow with the art of the painter. The fragrance and blossom of Spring flowers seemed to transform our rooms into a fairy garden; and the strains of a primitive love melody, as they drifted to us, were full of mystery and beauty.

Our comrade, George D. Herron, arose, careworn and sorrowful as one who has passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, yet strong-hearted and gladsome withal; and beside him stood Carrie Rand, clad in pure vestal white and bearing lilies-of-the-valley in her hand. "We believe, friends, in fellowship," he said, "and because we believe that fellowship is life we have asked a few of you to let us share with you the fellowship and sacrament of the unity of life which we wish to *now announce to you. FOR MANY YEARS, THIS UNITY OF LIFE HAS MADE US ONE IN FACT*, but now we wish this unity to become *manifest unto the world*; and it is to *announce to you this marriage of our souls*, which is to us a reality before the foundation of the world, and which we can conceive of as having no ending, that we have asked you to kindly come together to-night." Miss Rand responded: "This is the day and hour which we have chosen to *announce to you and the world our spiritual union, which is a fact in the heart of God.*"

L. D. A.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

A New Testament writer has said that love is the fulfilling of the law, and Browning has said that "All's love but all's law." We are coming to see, more and more in the life that we live, that law and order reign supreme throughout God's great universe; that only as we understand the law of God aright, and conform to its requirements, can we be either well or happy. From the beginning, as far back as we are able to see, we know there has been something in the souls and hearts of men and women that has drawn them together. At one stage in life this drawing together did not mean so much, perhaps, as it does at present. There was a time when the physical side of life appealed so greatly to men and women that they thought that if they had all that the world could give, then they had all that was necessary to their well-being. Through the process of evolution, making for a higher development, a greater need

entered into life. It has been found that, as people progress in the knowledge and understanding of life, the old requirements no longer answer for the complete or free life. The world and the things of the world, riches and power and the physical comforts, everything considered as essential to man, —all this is not enough; there must be something else, and that something is a conscious union of souls, a union in which God becomes the joining element, or the love in the soul of the woman and man making them one in thought and purpose.

It is furthermore known that if this love does not exist, we have a violation of the law of God; that is, if people have knowledge of this law, yet do not obey it, sooner or later it brings sorrow or trouble into the life. We should therefore make sure that this love exists in reality, because if the love is lacking between the man and the woman there is an emptiness in life. *God only joins together those who love one another. If that love exists in the hearts of two persons for one another, then whom God hath joined together no man can put asunder.*

I feel that these two souls have come together in this God-given love without any other thought than the love they bear to one another; and I think a great good to the world will come of this union, because nature is reaching out for this very end. The perfect union of these two souls will make for the good of the world to a greater degree than their remaining apart. So I have the spirit of thankfulness in my heart that such a union does exist in reality.

I extend to Comrade Herron and Miss Rand my heartfelt thanks for this hour; for I feel that the true and only course for two souls who are thoroughly in accord and in love is to unite in this way. And may the sunshine of unselfish love radiate from their lives, blessing and doing good to all the world.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

(An ordained clergyman.—T. E. W.)

I cannot but feel—as all of us must today—the impotence of words fittingly to express or announce to the world that which this occasion means. This is the time and place for the muse of a poet, the speech of a god; *the office of priest or magistrate were an intrusion here.* Better than all would it be if the fact of which we here are conscious might be announced to the world in the sweet strains of some wordless music.

But since these dear friends and comrades have honored me with the task of speaking for them a word of annunciation concerning this sacred consummation of their life, I joyfully respond. And the one word which above all others impresses itself upon me as suggestive of that which brings us here is the old word "sacrament." I know it comes to us from the buried years a-drip with blood and mouldy with superstition; and yet, it is a human word, and through its throbs the yearning and struggle and climb of a race. It names an age-long groping after truth—a gleam of the divine—a rift in the clouds disclosing the glory that bathes and interpenetrates the universe. That which calls us here today is a sacrament. Not only in any conventional sense, but in the elemental significance of the word—a significance which reflects the mind and being of the Eternal and the Infinite.

Nowhere has the religious institution so nearly approached the frontiers of vital truth as in conceiving marriage to be a sacrament. But nowhere has it departed so far from all that is divine and ennobling as in supposing that any word of priest or prelate can be sacramental. Neither statute nor official, civil or religious, can ever create this sacred thing.

Neither has it the smallest sanction to give to that which is sacred, if at all, by the supreme fiat of a pure and perfect love. The divine is not in legislature or council, church or state. It abides forever in human life. Human life alone incarnates God—and laws and civilizations are tolerable only in the measure of their recognition and service of that life.

We are not here to establish a relationship which otherwise would not have been. We are not here to inaugurate or consummate a marriage. No words of ours or any one's can add to or take from the truth and solemnity of the sublime fact of a reciprocal love uniting soul to soul by a sanction in presence of which all human enactments seem profane and impertinent; for this is the supreme sacrament of human experience. There is something about it which transcends all other things and proclaims its inherent divinity.

Nor are we here to lend our countenance to that divine event of which it is our privilege to be witnesses. That which is essentially and elementally true gains nothing from the sanction of individuals or states or nations. We are not here to perform a sacrament, but to receive one.—to honor ourselves and enrich all that is best in us by sharing somewhat in the truth and beatitude of these dear friends.

We are here today to announce to the world the oneness of two human souls in a love that reflects and manifests and reproduces somewhat of the essence of that Infinite Love which swathes and animates the universe. This oneness no more begins today than God does. It has no beginning and can have no end. The discovery of such oneness is the discovery of life—the laying bare the very soul of the cosmos. Time loses its meaning. There is no yesterday and no to-morrow in the married harmony and the joyous rhythm of two such souls. There is only an eternal now, and life rises above its narrow limitations and seems to merge in the All-living and All-loving. Let the fleeting years bring what they may, it cannot matter. Love holds all the years that have been or are to be. Its dominion is universal and its reign eternal. And it lives only to give itself to ever-abounding richness to the hungering needs of men.

This is a day of joy—overflowing, unsullied, serene; a day of hope—clear, strong, inspiring; a day of faith—laying bare before the souls of men, in love's clear light, the realities of the eternal world. It is a day of courage and cheer. It has for the world only a message of freedom and fellowship. It anticipates the dawn of a higher life for all. It proclaims the sanctity and omnipotence of love. It asserts the elemental rights of men—the rights that blend with duty, and irradiate the skies with hope and gladness.

If I have any understanding of what this means, it is supremely a gospel. No note of peace or power or purity is wanting. *These friends of ours announce today their marriage.* They do so not primarily because our faulty human laws require it at their hands, but for a deeper and diviner reason. They do not assume that their life belongs to them alone—nor even that this supreme affection which has made them one, disclosed to them the face of God, and transfigured all this earthly life with His shining footprints, is theirs to hoard or hide. In asserting the limitless freedom and the boundless authority of love, they but disclose the full-orbed liberty of the sons of God, and anticipate a world's emancipation. They do not announce that they have now separated their lives from the rest of the world. They announce a fuller, deeper, richer harmony with that divine life which is emergent in the unfolding aspirations of the world, than could have been theirs as separate individuals.

Inasmuch, therefore, as George D. Herron and Carrie Rand are thus united together by the bond of a reciprocal love, I announce that they are husband and wife by every law of right and truth, and I bespeak for

them the fervent benediction of all true souls and the abiding gladness that dwells in the heart of God forever.

Now Mrs. Rand stepped to the side of her son and daughter, and, kissing them, pronounced blessing on their union.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

I did not know, when I came here tonight, that the occasion was to be so absolutely momentous, and I am so glad to be present and to share in the joy of one marriage which I am sure is bound to be happy. Let us share a little of the gladness of the occasion, as well as the solemnity. I am very happy that these two friends of mine have the courage to say they love one another; and when they are united they will be worth ten times more than they would be if they remained apart. I trust that their example will help many other people in the world, and that the work they are trying to do will be helped by this union. All the friends that Mr. and Mrs. Herron love will love them forever, and love them all the better because *they have the courage to stand up and say that they love each other and that love is all the marriage they need.* I feel very honored that I had the opportunity of being present at their marriage. I wish I could have had a longer notice, in order to have prepared an epithalamium more worthy of the occasion than these few words.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

We are here tonight to celebrate the triumph of love,—a love that has culminated in this union, which is as pure, and as beautiful, and as fragrant, as the spring flowers that deck this room.

There have been two qualities of love celebrated in the history of mankind. First, the love of man for woman, of woman for man. Like a golden thread through the world's history runs this love-motive, inspiring the literature, the music, the art, the drama, that are the very blossom of human thought and experience. Around this basic fact of love-union has clustered the greater part of the romance, aye, and also the tragedy of human life.

But there is another kind of love,—a love that is hardly less fundamental, and a love that I do not hesitate to say is greater. It is the love of man for his race; the love of woman for her kind. This love, too, has been celebrated in the heroic literature and art of all ages; this love has made possible, the greatest, the most godlike, deeds of men.

Tonight, we celebrate the very love of loves, in celebrating a love-union that incarnates both of the qualities of which I have spoken,—a love-union that is at once personal and universal. *And I cannot hope for anything better from this union than that it may mark, from this day on, an even greater devotion, an even more complete consecration, to the Socialist movement and THE SOCIALIST IDEAL.*

MARGUERITE V. WIEN.

Comrades and friends, I knew that we were each to say our little word, and I fully thought that when the time came the spirit would move me to speak, but now as the time has come, my heart is so overflowing with emotion that my tongue will not speak. But I may say that in uniting their two lives, our comrades have not only made each other happy, but all who are present here tonight.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

It is a source of gratitude and inspiration to stand face to face with two people who are honest enough, and brave and strong enough, to live their own lives as they see them, *notwithstanding what may be thought by the people in the world who are yet to become strong and honest and brave.* I am sure that this marriage is a great source of inspiration and joy for us here, and it is bound to be for all the world. I trust it will tend to bring about that better day which the world is rapidly coming to. Mr. and Mrs. Herron have my strongest thoughts and sincerest wishes, and I trust that they both may be guided by the highest thought and intelligence and power in all their walks and works and ways.

BOLTON HALL.

We who are here know, I think, what our comrades know, that happiness and good are not in the love that we get, but in the love that we give, and that peace of mind is to be realized by the free expression of that love that we have to give. But whatever the peace within us, we cannot forget that without are dogs; and while we lead an advance in the world we must put up with the snarling and the biting of the dogs. It is our opportunity and our privilege to sustain our comrades with our hands and our voices and our pens. Edward Everett Hale once prayed: "May man be pure and woman brave." Some one suggested that what he meant to say was, "May woman be pure and man be brave." He replied that he meant what he said, "for it is fitting that we pray for the things we have not, and not for the things we have."

I must pay tribute to the courage, not only of Miss Rand, but of her mother, who has exhibited in this crisis such great courage and sweet poise. In every advance and difficulty, the heaviest burden always rests upon the woman.

ELIZABETH B. KENDALL.

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!

From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.

Through love to light! Through light O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

I feel that I, who came so lately in touch with this circle, should be a listener rather than a speaker. But it is sympathy and not time that counts, after all, and the warmth of friendship with which I have been greeted gives me courage to say a few words.

There are some who would have us believe that matter, birth, and death—the world—are nothing, that it is only spirit that is worthy or even real. To me the world is a read and a beautiful place, and I cannot conceive of a more inspiring thought than the idea of the world become

a vast and splendid garden through the realization of human ideals. But, although I place so great a value upon the things of the world, I would sacrifice them willingly rather than live in spiritual bondage in that world. It seems to me there must be space in the universe for a soul that wills to be free from the bonds of conventionality. I am deeply affected by the thought that there are those who proclaim, in the face of all that will be said and thought and done, and proclaim it so fearlessly and without bitterness of heart, as our comrades do tonight, that *this freedom to live out one's intuition* of the right is the supreme factor in life.

From the depths of my heart I wish that Mr. and Mrs. Herron may find all the richness that the universe has in store for *those that dare*.

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

When Dr. Patterson at first asked me to speak, I declined; for I knew that whatever I might say would be said by others infinitely better than I could say it. Yet, after all have spoken, it seems fitting that I, having shared the joy and sorrow, the trials and problems, of my two comrades here, should say the last word on this occasion, and that this word should be a word of personal affection and comradeship. And yet I must confess that the feeling of joy which I have tonight relates not so directly to them as to the cause, in the service of which we are all enlisted. *This union seems such a mighty triumph of truth and sincerity in the world, that the cause must be helped by it.* I believe that the high service of each will be helped by the fact of these two souls, working side by side in mutual sustainment, united yet free. I feel this strongly, because of the strength and uplift which has come into my own life through my comradeship with my own true and noble mate. In the very fact that so large a number of persons as are here assembled can be inspired by the same ideal, I see a demonstration that the truth is beginning to force its way and dramatize itself in reference to every human institution. *There seems in the gathering of such a company a hint of the dawning of the day when the spirit of freedom shall rule the world—freedom of the body, and freedom of the soul.*

The gathering broke up and finally, as a sweet benediction, the bride herself took her seat at the piano and played to us for awhile, pouring out her soul in the interpretation of one of Beethoven's gratest sonatas. And as she played, *the memory of a ghoulisn press, of human vultures, of slave-marriage, of cruel capitalism, was blotted out.* We saw only the vision of the *New Life of Socialism*, when the love that made this union holy shall be the *only basis of marriage*, and when this love, stretching out, shall embrace the common life of the world.

L. D. A.

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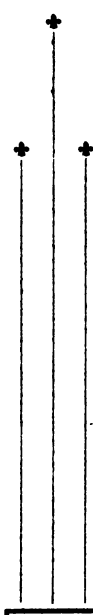
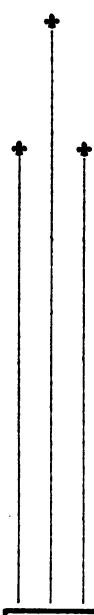
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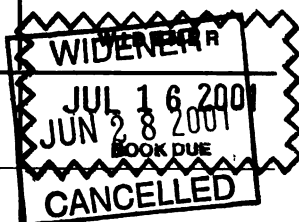
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